

Agnes de Castro,

A

81

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By His Majesty's Servants.

E. Cockburn, Mrs. Catharine Trotter

*Written by a Young Lady.
Mrs Catharine Trotter.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. Rhodes in Fleetstreet, R. Parker at the Royal-Exchange, S. Briscoe, at the Corner of Charles-street, in Russell-street, Covent-Garden, 1696.

* Advertisement. *The Fatal Mistake; Or, the Plot Spoil'd: A New Play; Written by Joseph Haines.*

AGES OF THE

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CHARLES

Earl of *DORSET* and *MIDDLESEX*

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household,
And Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS little Off-spring of my early Muse was first Submitted to Your Lordship's Judgment, Whether it shou'd be Stifled in the Birth, or Preserv'd to try its Fortune in the World ; And since 'tis from Your Sentence it has ventur'd thus far, it now Claims a sort of Title to Your Lordships Protection, which it cou'd not have the least pretence to from its own Merit ; But 'tis Your Lordships Character to Encourage all great Attempts, though Unsuccessful : This was indeed a Bold one for a Woman at my Years, but I wou'd not offer my little Experience, as a reason to be Pardon'd for not acquitting my self well, (for I think the Incapacity of producing any thing better, a very ill Excuse for exposing a Foolish Thing) if the same inconsidering Youth might not excuse the rashness of the Undertaking ; And I shall be much less Pardonable, if the next I bring upon the Stage has not a better Title to the Favour of the Town. This seems to promise another attempt, which shou'd not be expected from one who Conceals her Name, to shun that of Poetress. I wish I cou'd separate them here, for then I shou'd be proud to own my self to the World, with all Respect,

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's most Obliged,
and most humble Servant.*

T O T H E
A U T H O R
O F

Agnes de Castro.

ORinda, and the Fair Alstrea gone,
Not one was found to fill the Vacant Throne;
Aspiring Man had quite regain'd the Sway,
Again had Taught us humbly to Obey;
Till you (Natures third start, in favour of our Kind)
With stronger Arms, their Empire have disjoyn'd,
And snatcht a Lawrel which they thought their Prize;
Thus Conqu'ror, with your Wit, as with your Eyes.
Fired by the bold Example, I would try
To turn our Sexes weaker Destiny.
O! How I long in the Poetick Race,
To loose the Reins, and give their Glory Chase;
For thus Encourag'd, and thus led by you,
Methinks we might more Crowns than theirs Subdue.

Dela Manley.

*A PROLOGUE; Written by Mr.
Wycherly at the Authors request: De-
sign'd to be Spoke.*

Ladies and Gallants, you we hope to find,
To her, who brings you now together, kind;
That you, will to your pleasing her consent,
Not out of your own Nicety prevent,
But to spight her, your own divertisement;
And will not your Displeasure to her show,
Who your scorn Ventures, but to pleasure you,
Nay, her own pleasure, does for yours, forego;
And like the Pregnant of her Sex, to gain,
But for your pleasure, more Disgrace, and Pain,
Who, but because she'd do you, a good Turn,
Unask'd, unsu'd to, may become your scorn;
But you; the Men of Honour, or of Wit,
To set yours to a Woman can't think fit,
And Ladies; as necessitous of Fame,
Ne'er raise your Credit, by another's shame,
Censuring others, to 'scape others blame;
And Gallants; as y'are Men of Honour, you,
Will ne'er speak ill, of her you do not know;
The more she strives, to give you Pleasure too,
Which is most often, (as we Women find,)
The sole cause, you prove to us, but less kind;
As well-bred *Beaux's* with Noise too, ne'er thinks fit,
To silence on the Stage, as in the Pit,
Another's Sense, to hide your want of Wit;
But *Beaux's* and Wits, I pray be silent now,
And hear without Noise, nay with Patience too,
Our Female Wit, if you'd have her, hear you;
Especially, since your own talking does,
Your Pleasure interupt, your Sense Expose,
Whilst Silence, good Sense, and good Breeding shows;
And each Man's manners, Honour, Wit appear,
More, as he's less a Woman's Censurer,
Then Censures, which wou'd spoil your sport forbear:
Think not the Ladies Wit, or Honour less,
Because she seeks those who have less to please;
Let not her aim, to please the Publick now,
Design'd her Credit, but your Scandal grow,
Make not her proffer'd favour, her Disgrace,
Nay, though it shou'd not please th'Intention praise,
'Tis merit only, to desire to please;
Then be not, as Poor Women often find,
Less kind to her, but as she's more inclin'd,
At venture of her Fame, to please Mankind.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Powell.

HOW strangely times are Chang'd? *The latter Age*
Prologues were fresh Complaints of Critick Rage :
But now, if one Play hits, you straight Decree
To prop a Rival Muses Halting Poetry :
Cou'd it but gain the Crutches of your Favour,
This Tragedy might walk six days together.
To day, t'incite your Charity the more,
A Female Author does your Smiles implore ;
Not but I fear, 'tis now a thing uncommon,
For Men of Wit to raise a falling Woman !
Why should vain Man the Gift of Sense engross ?
Since Woman's Wit was never at a loss ?
Husbands to Wives their Whoring must Reveal,
(For Unfed Passions will expect their Meal)
But Womens Wits with Ease their Roving Love conceal.
And Faith in spite of all the Hen-Peckt Fools can do,
They've oft the Breeches worn, why not the Lawrel too!
Therefore to those of undisputed Sense,
Our Poetess resigns her Plays Defence.
Conscious of her Faults she flies to you,
To save her from the Thoughtless Damning Crew.
She's Dead, if Try'd by strict Poetick Laws ;
But Men of Honour can't refuse a Womans Cause.
Do you, the props of Wit, but seem t'approve,
She cannot fear their Thunder from above ;
The Top must stir if the Foundation move.

Epilogue

EPITLOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. Verbruggen in Mens Cloaths.

K Knowing that Knaves and Fools are grown so plenty, (twenty.)
 That Wise or Just are scarce found—for Rhime sake, I'll allow'em one too
 That few the Merits of a Cause can weigh,
 And those who judge aright,
 By hate or favour Praise or Damn a Play,
 That much depends upon a Poets fame,
 Ours a New Author and without a Name.
 It came into my Charitable mind,
 To try, if thus accouter'd, I could find
 The way to make you, right or wrong, be kind.
 A white curl'd Wig, with all the dressing Arts,
 Must needs engage the Ladies tender Hearts;
 And for the Men
 Petticoats seem the properest bait no doubt;
 Yet you must own you like us best without;
 But if that Jest's too weak to catch your Grace,
 With a cock'd Hat and a stern blustering Face,
 I'll try to Bully you into good Nature,
 And bid defiance to your Coward Satyr;
 That meanly wou'd a Womans Strength oppose,
 Wou'd I ad put on your Courage with your Cloaths.
 I fear these Breeches, Sword, and Manly shew
 Ev'ry way promise more than I can do:
 I find my Female Heart begins to fail,
 And now cou'd condescend (if 'twou'd prevail)
 To beg your Votes but what can that avail.
 After these brags 'twould make you but despise me,
 For your own Interest than let me advise ye.
 Doom not our Author's first Essay to fall,
 For fear, her Eyes revenge it on you all.
 For heark ye, among Friends——'tis whisper'd here:
 Our Poetess is Virtuous, Young, and Fair;
 But that first Epithet I must leave out,
 'Twill please but very few of you, I doubt.
 Then let it pass; Yet sure not nam'd in vain,
 For Virtue must that shining Circle gain;
 Her other Charms may captivate the rest,
 Each fancying her what form wou'd please him best.
 But stay, I fear this airy bribe won't move,
 You are not made for dull Platonick Love.
 Well, we may hope in time she'll more disclose,
 That's if you like what here at first she shows.
 Applaud her then, for Curiosity,
 She only sculks to be from Censure free;
 Admire her strength of Judgment, praise her Wit,
 And croud each Night the Boxes and the Pit:
 Pufft up with her success, she'll soon appear,
 And lay aside her Modesty and Fear,
 Which Women oft have parted with for you,
 But so dear Vanity they're always true.

Drammatis Personæ.

M E N.

King.

Prince.

Alvaro.

Lorenzo.

Diego, } *Officers and Creatures*

Pedro, } *of Alvaro.*

Mr. Sympson.

Mr. Powell.

Mr. Verbruggen.

Mr. Cibber.

Mr. Hill.

Mr. Mills.

WOMEN.

Princess.

Agnes de Castro.

Elvira, *Sister to Alvaro.*

Bianca.

Mrs. Temple.

Mrs. Rogers.

Mrs. Knight.

Mrs. Kent.

Messenger, Attendants, and Guards.

S C E N E,

The Palace of Coimbra in Portugal

Agnes de Castro.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

Enter Elvira, and Bianca with a Paper in her Hand.

Elvira. **T**HIS was a lucky accident, *Bianca* ;
It will be noble Mischief.

Bianca. I long to know the issue.

Elv. It must be good : That Poison Jealousie
Destroys the strongest Bonds of Blood, or Friendship :
Constantia cannot think the Prince loves *Agnes*,
But she must hate, and treat her as a Rival ;
Or cou'd she be so tame to keep her here,
Distrust, and coldness, Rival-ship will breed,
Which *Agnes* is too haughty to endure,
And though not sent, will soon return to *Spain*.

Bianca. That will be pleasing news to all the Ladies,
Who envy her the Princesses Affection.

Elv. Was it not an Affront to all the Court,
To bring her here as in defiance to us ;
As if she thought none of us worth her Love,
Not one in *Portugal* for her Converse.

Bianca. Their being bred from Infancy together,
Might make it difficult to separate ;
And then their near Relation.

Elv. A Princess, must have none ;
She came to wear the Crown of *Portugal*,
And then, shou'd have renounc'd all other Claims :
She 'as now, new Friends, new Country, new Relations,
And shou'd forget the Old ; not be a *Spaniard* here.

Bianca. These lines will make her wish she had forgot 'em.
Methinks I pity her.

B

Elv. Al

Elv. All that can contribute to Plague the Prince
Is grateful to my Thoughts: I know his temper;
The Princesses regrets will most torment him;
And then to lose his Mistress; shall I see
The faithless Traytor, who abandon'd me,
Punish'd in the same kind, Lose her he Loves:
That, that's the pleasing part.

Bianca. Not all you e're Contriv'd, or Wish'd to happen;
Could more effectually have punish'd both:
Fortune indeed has laid a brave Foundation,
Whereon to Build, what Hate can make you aim at.

Elv. But I must raise the Structure, and I'll do't,
With so much Care, with so much Artful Strength,
Not all their force and cunning shall destroy it:
Revenge is Justice, Born in Noble Souls;
'Twas some mean Spirited Fool that first taught Patience,
Weak Cowardice, that Preach'd up dull Forgiveness,
And call'd the lasie Impotence, a Virtue.

Bianca. 'Tis Vice to leave such Injuries unpunish'd;
'Twould make all Men be Faithless as the Prince,
If Women bore their Wrongs without return.

Elv. Ye Gods! Was I a Trifle to be plaid with,
Fit but to entertain his leisure hours;
But I've recall'd the Heart he Fool'd away;
And now 'tis fill'd with Fury and Revenge,
He'll find *Elvira* can do more, more, than amuse him.

Bianca. Madam, What method in this great design
Will your just Anger take?

Elv. Bianca; I have found thee Faithful,
And may have need of thee.

Bianca. Madam, Did not my Inclination tie me,
Your Bounty has engag'd me to your Service.

Elv. Be confident of what I can do for you;
I know *Antonio* fain wou'd Marry you,
But that his Friends oppose it.

I'll make your Fortune fit for such a Match,
Which Love, or your Ambition, makes you Covet.

Bianca. Let your Commands be ne'es so hazardous,
I will not fail t'Obey you.

Elv. I can't resolve on what I have to do,
Till I shall know the Princesses Resentments:
She's wishing with impatience for your coming,
Fond of discov'ring what she'll grieve to find;
Be sure seem not to know what's in the Paper.

Bianca. By no means, Madam.

Elv. I'll to my Brother;
And tell him of the Prince's Love to *Agnes*:
I know his boundless Rage and Jealousie

Will soon inspire him with some Resolution,
That must be fatal to the Prince, or *Agnes*;
For bating his fond Passion to that Maid,
His ev'ry Thought bespeaks him of my Blood.

Bianca. His Favour with the King may be of use,
The Kingdom's rul'd by Don *Alvaro's* Will.

Elv. His Power indeed is almost absolute,
And if he be my Brother, he'll improve it;
But I delay;
I'll strike with Fortune whilst she's in the Humour;
She shall not have the time to change her Mind,
Follow her close, and she'll be always kind;
Too proud to wait, sh' as ever shun'd the Wife,
They pause so long, that to the thoughtless Fools she flies. (*Ex. severally.*)

SCENE II.

*The Princess's Apartment; The Princess sitting in a Melancholly posture,
Agnes entering to her.*

Princess. My *Agnes*! Art thou come! My Souls best Comfort,
Thou dear Relief to my oppressing Cares:
My Griefs have lost already half their force,
They vanish at thy sight, like Mists, before the Sun:

Agnes. What Mists, what Clouds are these, o'respread your Soul?
Which do like those that wou'd obscure the Sun,
Whilst they but seem to darken the bright Mind,
Cast a sad Gloom on all the World beneath.
In pity, Madam, then Shine out to chear us,
For all must be unhappy, whilst you Grieve.

Princess. Ah! *Agnes*, ah! The Prince! This day the Prince —

Agnes. Must leave you: Is that your cause of Sadness?
He'll soon return with Glory and Success.
I saw you, Madam, in the heat of Love,
When you had scarcely lost the name of Bride,
The Prince call'd from you by an eager Foe,
Train'd up in War, resolv'd for Death, or Conquest,
I saw you part from him with less Despair,
Far less afflicted than I see you now.

Princess. My Secrets all are thine: Forgive me *Agnes*
That I have hitherto kept this conceal'd,
And let it prey upon my Bleeding Heart
Till it is e'en devour'd; but take it now.
I fear the Prince,
Whom better than my Life thou know'st I love,
(Be witness Heav'n I wou'd to make him blest,
Resign my part in all I hold most dear.

Nay, ev'n himself, if I were sure he wish'd it)
Oh Friend! This Husband, gives me not his Heart;
And much I fear, some other robs me of it.

Agnes. Causeless Suspensions; can the Prince alone,
Neglect that Virtue which Mankind adores?
Who else can claim the Empire of his Heart?
More by their Merit, than their Marriage yours;
For who in *Portugal* deserves like you?
Banish these Fears, they may prove Fatal to you,
Light Jealousies, like Prunings to a Plant,
The tender wound improves, and helps loves growth;
But if they enter deep, the Branches fade,
And the rich stock decays, and dies at last.

Princess. Alas! In vain I gave my self advice,
Strove to excuse the Coldness of his Heart,
Which through his forc'd caresses still appear'd
His Melancholly all the Court observes,
Though only I can guess th'unhappy cause;
At Night I watch him when he thinks I sleep;
He Tosses, Sighs, impatient for the Day,
And often leaves me, e're it does approach.

Agnes. Th'Effect of temper, Madam; but for Love,
He seems design'd a Pattern to the World,
The Virgins at *Coimbra* beg of Fate,
To give them Husbands like the Prince to you;
So fond, so careful, with such nice respect.

Princess. Were he my Slave he could not give me more;
A Lover, *Agnes*, cou'd not shew so much.

Agnes. I thought respect the highest mark of Love.
'Tis all that Heav'n requires, what would you more?

Princess. Alas! Thy thoughts of Love are as imperfect,
As their Idea of vast distant Lands,
Who never saw 'em, but in Maps and Pictures;
What shall I say to make thee understand?
Love levels all, he knows no Quality,
No Titles, but those soft ones which he makes;
Th'Insensible my Husband, never felt
A transport of Fierce Love, that cou'd one Moment
Make him forget, his Wife was born a Princess.

Agnes. How exquisite a Torturer you are grown,
You rack your Wit for torments to your Soul.

Princess. These are the Nat'l thoughts of Love, my Child;
But I'm impatient, *Bianca* stays;
The Prince this Night seem'd sad, and discompos'd
Much more than usual; he started up,
And with confusion in his Words and Action,
He left me, and refus'd to be attended;
A strange, disturb'd, I know not what within.

Mov'd me to send Bianca to observe him,
Two hours ago, and yet she's not return'd.

Agnes. What can you hope from such an Enquiry?
Why shou'd you search, for that which if you find,
Ascertains Miseries, you now but fear?

Princess. Then I shall mourn for one, but whilst I doubt,
I feel a thousand Pains for ev'ry ill,
That's barely possible to be the Cause.

Agnes. Compose your self, Madam, I beg your Highness.

Princess. That was a Word of too much distance, Agnes,
Looks like the Prince's cold indifference,
In Ceremonious respect disguis'd;
Leave it, I wou'd believe I have thy Heart,
The only comfort for the loss of his;
For you are both so equal dear to me,
So closely wove by Fate to my fond breast,
That neither can be sever'd from my love,
Without unravelling this Web of Life.

Enter Bianca.

What News Bianca? Speak, where went the Prince?
Where has thou left him?

Bianca. In the Garden, Madam;
Thither I follow'd him far off, unseen;
He stopp'd sometimes, and walk'd disorderly;
Till he had reach'd the foot o'th middle walk,
Where ent'ring one of the cool shady Grotts,
He sat him down, and seem'd o'erwhelm'd in thought;
Then through the Boughs, I could discern him write,
And folding up the Paper when he'd done,
He threw himself with force upon the Ground,
Sighing, and Groaning, words I could not hear,
Till seeming tir'd with Grief, he fell asleep.
When I had watch'd a while, with cautious steps
I went, (in hopes to serve your Highness well)
And stole the Paper which the Prince had writ;
Perhaps it may contain what you wou'd know,
For fearing that, I durst not open it,
Lest I discover'd what you wou'd conceal.

[Gives the Paper.]

[Exit Bianca.]

Princess. I thank thee for thy care; leave us Bianca.
[After reading.] Doubly unhappy Princess!

Agnes, my Fears are true! All that I fear'd,
More than I fear'd, is true.

Agnes. It can't be, the Prince is not so stupid,
To Love Elvira still; I heard indeed
He had a while amus'd himself with her
Before your Marriage: but what Charms has she
To vie with those perfections all Divine,
Which grace your Body, and adorn your Soul?

Princess.

Princess. Ah! She who robs me of my Husband's Heart,
Is all a Charm, to plead for his Excuse;
Young, Beautiful, Discreet, and Chast, as Fair;
By Nature form'd to captive ev'ry Heart,
My Reason must approve the Prince's choice,
For I my self, prefer her to my self,
And love her too, as tenderly as he.

Agnes. Who can this Angel be?

Princess. Are there are so many merit more than I,
Thou can'st not guess among 'em?

Agnes. Indeed I know not one deserves like you;
And therefore cannot guess.

Princess. Have you so long been privy to my Thoughts,
Yet know not her who is so dear to me?
Who with the Prince, shares my divided Heart
So equally, I cannot tell my self
To which I have given most; know you not her?
For if you know my Friend, you know my Rival.

Agnes. How very Miserable must I be
When I'm reduc'd to wish, you did not love me!
Those marks, of that peculiar, dear affection,
Which ev'ry day your partial kindness gave,
Are Witnesses which I would disbelieve;
Oh! Let me think your Friendship was divided,
Tell me you have another, nearer Friend,
For I had rather lose your Love for ever,
Than be the wretched Cause of your misfortune;
Rather be hated by you, than deserve it;
Oh ease my cruel fears, and name some other.

Princess. Too sure, alas, the Prince does Love thee, *Agnes*;
And I'm so vain to think that only thou,
Cou'd gain a Heart, to which I laid a claim.
Read from his Hand, the sad, amazing truth.

Agnes reads.]

I.

IN Vain, Oh Sacred Duty you oppose,
In Vain your Nuptial tie you plead,
Those forc'd devoirs Love o'ertbrows,
And breaks the Vows he never made.

2.

Fair Princess, you to whom my Faith is due,
Pardon the Destiny that drags me on,
'Tis not my fault my Heart's untrue,
I am compell'd to be undone.

3.

Your Eyes, Fair Agnes—

Agnes. Heav'n strike 'em blind, for the base treachery;
Where shall I hide these curst, these guilty Eyes?
They dare not look upon the Injur'd Princess,

The

The she was all they took delight to see ;
How cou'd Heav'n make so great a contradiction,
As in one Person, Friend, and Enemy !

Princess. Thou art not my Enemy ; I know you love me.

Agnes. Yet I have rob'd you of your dearest part,
Destroy'd your soft tranquillity of Soul,
And left you nothing but Despair and Sorrow ;
I only have done this, ev'n I who love you ;
I who to serve you wou'd abandon Life ;
Oh ! C— say I am the curse of yours !
But all ill fortune flys from you with me,
And all the Curse lights heavy on my head,
For we must part, for Ever, Ever part.

Princess. Part ! Wou'd you add to my unhappiness ?
Be yet more cruel than my Destiny ?
Fate has depriv'd me but of half my blessing ;
And you wou'd tear the other half away,
To leave me Sad, Desolate, and Comfortless.

Agnes. Alas ! We ne'er shall meet in joy again,
This tender Love must all be turn'd to Hate.

Princess. That thought was too injurious from a Friend :
Thy only guilt is having too much merit,
For which 'twere most unjustly base to hate thee.

Agnes. Yet sure, I'm now unworthy of thy Love :
But teach me how I may again deserve it ;
What can be done to cure the Prince's Phrenzy ?
I'll blot out all that's lovely in this Face,
Disfigure it to black deformity,
Enough to frighten all Mankind to madness,
And bring him back to reason.

Princess. This wild Extravagance is unbecoming ;
Let's learn to bear our Woes, and leave to Heav'n
The time and manner of redressing 'em !
Despair may Cure the Prince—— but it may kill him ;
Oh ! Thy too rigorous Virtue makes me fear.
But think, with him you will condemn your Friend,
And mingle sweetness with severity ;
Pity his Fate, that Honour will allow,
And I shall bless thy gen'rous Charity.

Agnes. Oh, wond'rous instance of a matchless goodness !
Gods ! Is it just the Prince enjoy this Blessing,
Who knows not how to value the vast Treasure.

Princess. You are ungrateful to condemn the Prince,
And I, for all I suffer, can't accuse him !
I know he struggled long against your Charms,
And those efforts are more obliging far,
Than if his Inclinations were for me.
Love rul'd by Fate, does n'er consult our will,

But if we strive to love, it shows Esteem ;
And 'tis more kind to wish I had his Heart,
Than if he gave the prize unwillingly.
Why should I blame the Prince for loving her ?
Were Reason, Duty, Honour, all against me,
I still should dote on him, in spite of all :
The same strong Destiny controuls his Heart,
And my fair Rival's worth, bounds my Complaints :
There is no room for my Resentment left,
Nor shall the Prince perceive my inward Grief,
You, only you, shall ease the Wounds you made,
For thou wilt pity me, I know thou wilt,
Thou Dear, thou less my Rival, than my Friend.

(*En. Prince.*

Agnes. Alas, he's here !

Prince. What new design has Fate to carry on ?
Th'unlucky Writing in *Constantia's* Hand !
Nay then it has it's utmost malice shown.

Agnes. Unhappy chance ! He sees I know his love,
I cannot look on him without Confusion,
Oh ! That I'd ever shun'd his Eyes as now.

(*Exit. Agnes.*

Prince. Madam, from whence had you that fatal Scrowl ?

Princess. Be not disturb'd, and I'll forget I saw it.

Prince. Oh no ! You never must forget my Crime,
Rail at me, Curse me, Hate me if thou canst,
That thou may'st less deserve to be Belov'd,
And I be less ashamed of wronging thee.

Princess. It is not you, but cruel Fate has wrong'd me,
And wrong'd me most by making you unhappy ;
That doubles all the Sorrows of my Soul,
When in the tender ragings of my Heart,
Torn with the Agonies of hopeless Love,
I shall remember, you are wretched too ;
You wish in Vain, Sigh, and Despair, like me ;
Thus guessing all your Torments by my own,
I shall more than feel 'em ore again for you.

Prince. Oh ! This short view of what I make thee suffer,
Is worse to me than all I've known before :
How can'st thou pity this ungrateful Husband ?

Princess. That kind Concern, shows you are not Ungrateful ;
And 'twere inhumane not to pity you,
When all Relief but pity is deny'd.
Poor Prince, if you had lov'd a Maid less nice,
Her kindness might have satisfied your Passion,
Or want of Merit quite extinguish'd it ;
It grieves me you shou'd fix your Heart on one,
Too scrupulous to recompence your flame ;
I dread th' effects of her Severity,
Which may instead of Curing, more engage you,
Charin'd with that rigorous Virtue that undoes you.

Prince.

Prince. How then shou'd thy diviner Virtue charm me !
Virtue of such an elevated Nature,
It claims not Love alone, but Adoration,
Greater than that we owe to Saints above,
And that, I swear I pay thee.

Princess. Unhappily you have misplac'd your Thoughts ;
Fair *Agnes* more deserves your Adoration ;
And I may say, I more deserve your Love ;
For, Oh Dear Prince ! there's not a part of me,
That is not fill'd with softest Love for thee,
My Soul's all thine, I languish for thy Love,
Dote on, in spite of thy Indifference ;
Live by thy Looks, am nothing when thou'rt from me,
Wretched to think thou can'st not be all mine,
And Oh ! Cou'd part with all I e'er possess'd,
To gain thy dearer Heart.

Prince. Oh ! If thou lov'st me, hide this tenderness,
I better cou'd support the sharpest Anger ;
Call all thy Injuries into thy thoughts,
Think me Ungrateful, Perjur'd, any thing,
That may provoke the Cruellest Reproaches ;
Shew your resentment in the fiercest Form ;
Revenge your Wrongs, but upon me alone ;
This only Criminal, unhappy Wretch,
And share the guiltless Cause of our Misfortune.

Princess. Fear not for *Agnes*, Sir,
I love her, and her being dear to you,
More strongly recommends her to my care ;
For my repose depends so much on yours,
I must lose all my own, to rob you of it.

Prince. Too Generous Princess ! But in spite of you,
You have reveng'd your self with sharpest wounds,
Deep in that Faithless Breast which injur'd you.
This cruel kindness, has undone your Husband,
Thou miracle of Virtue.

Princess. Alas my Love, what shall I say to ease you ?

Prince. Kill me, *Constantia*, I deserve it of thee ;
But that wou'd be too kind ;
'Twould save me all the many Deaths of shame,
Which ev'ry thought of thee will make me feel ;
Forgive me then, to punish me yet more,
For now I hate my self for grieving thee,
And wou'd be still, still more Unhappy made.
Alas ! I dare not meet thy loving Eyes,
They tell me that thou hast forgiv'n me ;
Fly wretch ; Oh fly ! from all that looks like good,
Ev'n silent Innocence, is thy reproach.

Princess. His Sorrows touch me more than all my own ;
He seems as if his Soul were on the Rack,
And that Immortal part cou'd to be free,
Wish it self Mortal like its lovely Mansion.
Perhaps my presence discomposes him,
I will retire, and Heav'n with tears implore,
Though by my Death, his quiet to restore.

[Exit:

Prince solus.

Is there another wretch on Earth like me,
Who what was meant for Ease and Blessings to him,
Perverts into a Curse ?
When I had lock'd the Secret in my Breast,
Kept it conceal'd ev'n from my dearest Friend,
Deny'd my self all ways to vent my Grief,
But pouring out my Woes in soft Complaints,
They, must be made th'occasion of my ruine ;
And by I know not what, some Devil sure,
Convey'd to her from whom I most wou'd hide 'em.
The Virtue of my Wife too proves my Curse,
And I'm constrain'd to wish for my relief,
What others shun, as the worst plague of Life.
O *Agnes* ! O *Constantia* ! both distract me !
O the sad Prospect of encreasing woes,
Which only Death can put a period to !
I love, and wou'd not, ought not to be pity'd ;
Or if I were,
Still my Ingratitude, my poor *Constantia*'s Sufferings,
Wou'd haunt me, to enervate all my joys.
Unhappy Lover——more Ingrateful Husband ;
What dost thou wish ? What can be thy relief ?
No, think of none, none, but in suffering more ;
T'attone thy Crime, be exquisitely wretched ;
Thus *Agnes* may revenge *Constantia*'s wrongs ;
Raise thy wild Passion to that force and height,
That it may crush thee, with its Fatal weight.

Exit.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Alvaro, and Attendants.

King. IF I have Pow'r, or if she have Ambition,
(Which is a part Essential in a Woman,
As Pow'r to a King) *Alvaro* she is thine.

Alvaro. I fear she has too much Ambition Sir,
The Prince's Love too may encrease that flame ;
She treats me as she were some mighty Queen,
And I her meanest, despicable Slave.

King. The better,
Her Pride will sooner draw her to the Hook,
Which I will hang with such a glittering Bair,
She can no more resist the gay Temptation,
Than Streams can stop, or turn their wonted Current.
Pride, is the Sexes principle of action ;
From the same Cause flow contrary effects,
As the Sun's heat both hardens and dissolves ;
'Tis that which makes 'em coyly fly with scorn,
And that too makes 'em yield, to bright allurements ;
By it, Disdainful *Agnes* shall be caught ;
I'll heap such shining honours on thy head,
Shall dazzle all the little World below ;
Th'aspiring Maid shall strive to reach thy Glories,
And aiming throws her gently in thy Arms.

Alvaro. My Royal Master, how shall I deserve——
But 'tis a Crime, a Blasphemy, to think
To Merit, or return, a Monarch's Favours,
Which can no more than Heavens be repaid,
And are like those, bestow'd on Mortals, *gratis* ;
All we can give in sign of grateful Hearts,
Is Thanks and Blessings. Which thus low I pay.

[*Bowing.*]

King. Thou art my Faithfullest, best Counsellor ;
Statesmen like thee, are Bucklers to a Crown,
Which more than Armies guard it from a Foe,
And when we cast 'em off, or not reward 'em,
Their ruine is a sure Presage of ours.
Thou hast deserved

All that I have given, and all that I can give.

Alvaro. Pardon, Great Sir, you much o'er rate my Actions.

King. Thou art too modest, but I know thy worth.
'Tis strange, I have not seen my Son this Morning,
I have some Orders for him e'er he goes,
But he perhaps will own no Duty now,
And but begins, th'injustice with his Wife.

Alvaro. Sir, I'm inform'd, that since the Prince return'd,
And found the Princess, grieving for his Love,
He has not left her.

King. We'll meet him there; and if we find your Mistress,
I'll be your Advocate before his Face.

Alvaro. So the Almighty whilst the World's his care,
Neglects not, th'inconsiderablest Insect.

Exeunt.

*The Scene Opens. The Prince and Princess sitting; Agnes, Elvira,
Bianca by them; the King and Alvaro enter to them.*

King to the Prince.] Since you keep State to day, I wait on you,
It well becomes me to attend your Highness.

Princess. Sir, you must pardon, for my sake, the Prince,
This short neglect, a Father may allow,
To the sad tenderness, of parting Lovers.

King. 'Tis well he is so kind. Your time is short, *[The King and Ag.
advance from the
rest, the Pr. and
Prs. seem to talk.*
We will not interrupt your soft Farewells.

Agnes, a Word; I have a suit to move,
Which if you grant, you will oblige a King,
And raise your self beyond your highest wish.

Agnes. A King's request, is but a Milder name
For his command, I will obey you Sir.

King. If you are just to high desert, you will;
Alvaro's Merit claims reward from you:
We know you are a Heav'n of Glorious charms,
Bright as the Stars above, which Guide our actions:
And Hearts like his, all Brave, all Just, and Great,
Deserves the kindest Influence of those Eyes.

Agnes. My Eyes pretend not, Sir, to any pow'r,
But if *Alvaro* is of such high worth,
'Twere more than Arrogance, a Treason in 'em,
Encroaching on your great Prerogative,
To think of paying with so mean a stock,
What you alone are able to reward;
Such Subjects, must by such a King be paid.

King. Such Lovers, must be paid by such a Mistress;
You only can return the Heart he gives,
He offers it, fill'd with the tenderest Love,
And I'll adorn it with the Richest Honours;
Think *Agnes*, think; *Alvaro* has my Favour,
Think, that with it, he has my Pow'r too;
Think your self rais'd the Envy of your Sex,
All may be yours, Ambitious Souls desire.

Agnes. Who wou'd resign a Quiet, though Poor, freedom,
To be with glittering, gandy trappings deck'd;
Which but inform the World, whose Slaves they are.

No,

No, Sir, I value Liberty far more,
Than to forsake it, though for Golden Chains,
A shining Prison, is a Prison still.

King. By this Contempt, proud Maid, of him I've chose,
From all my Court, to place my Friendship on,
You more despise my Favourite, than *Alvaro*;
And seem to tax me, of an ill made choice.

Agnes. I question not *Alvaro's* merit, Sir,
Nor have condemn'd him, though I have refus'd;
But Heav'n, who ordain'd soft Mutual Love,
A stronger tye of Souls than Marriage Vows,
Had surely given me a Heart more tender,
If 'twere design'd for such an Union;
I feel no melting, no soft Passion there;
None but for charming Liberty, and Glory,
Then Sir, wou'd you controul the Will of Heav'n;
Who made me not for Love?

King. Dissembler, were you free as you pretend,
You wou'd have met what I propos'd, with joy,
But you have dreamt away your Liberty,
In vain *Idea's*, and Fantastick Notions;
Mistaken Maid, renounce these airy hopes,
Whilst you pursue the shadow thus of Greatness,
You'll lose the Substance, and repent too late.
The Prince wou'd please; but he's beyond your reach;
And though my Son were not already joyn'd
To one whose worth, and tender love to you,
Shou'd make you blush for your Imprudent Conquest,
Know, *Agnes*, know, he never shou'd be yours.

Agnes. Sir, for the Prince, if he have weaknesses,
He ne'er communicated 'em to me,
Nor have I wilfully contributed,
Or once in thought approv'd, th'unlucky Flame.

King. Marrying *Alvaro*, is an easie way,
To cure the Prince, and justify your self.

Agnes. Perhaps I know an easier way for both,
Absence will be a surer remedy,
And that too will preserve my Honour safe;
Yes, Sir, I'll quit *Coimbra* soon with joy;
Nor shall this Mau who is so dear to you,
This Favourite, so worthy of your Love,
Have any part in my more Noble thoughts.

King. So, haughty *Agnes*! sure you know me not.

Agnes. I know you, Sir, to be *Constantia's* Father,
A Princess, whom I love with all respect.

King. And you shall know me, as I am a King;
I'll find a way, t'abate this Insolence.
Don *Pedro*, you must hasten your departure,
Follow me to the Gallery, we'll talk a while.

[Goes from her.]

Prince. I attend you, Sir.

Madam, I'll see you in the Palace-Garden.

[Exit K. Prince, Al.

Agnes. What fatal Planet govern'd at my Birth?
Which now begins its baleful Influence,
With Cruelties so great, they rather seem
The last Effect of torturing Tyranny,
The Finishment of a long study'd Curse.

Princess. You amaze me!

Agnes. Can there be Misery more compleat than mine,
Forc'd by my Stars for ever from your Highness,
In whom I'd center'd all my happiness:
The wild effects of this unhappy Face,
Drives me to search for some obscure retreat,
Where it may never more create such Plagues,
Fatal to you, to me, and Innocence.

Princess. Can you resolve to leave me then? Alas!
Thy absence will be far more fatal here,
Instead of rend'ring me my Husband's Heart,
Wou'd he not hate me as the Cause of it?
Wou'd he not fly to you where-e'er you were?
And wou'd it not be Savage Cruelty,
To rob a Lover so Unfortunate,
Of all the poor relief is left, his Love?

Agnes. My Honour, Madam, is not here secure;
The King already does believe me guilty.

Princess. I know thee, *Agnes*, and shall ne'er accuse thee,
For my sake bear the rest.

Agnes. What is it for your sake I wou'd not bear!
Witness th'all-seeing Pow'rs that know my Heart,
If by my Marriage I cou'd give you back,
That love which barb'rous Fate has rob'd you of:
Though Don *Alvaro's* horror to my Eyes,
Though my Soul loaths him by Antipathy,
I'd break through those strong Bars which Nature's fix'd,
And Sacrifice my own, for your repose.
But that alas, cou'd never cure the Prince,
Still he wou'd look on me with Criminal Eyes,
And I am accessory whilst I stay.

Princess. The Crime's to me: I can absolve thy guilt.
Dear, *Agnes*, if thou'st ever lov'd thy Friend,
Give not the Prince this Subject of Despair,
My Life is ty'd to his, his Grief is mine.

Agnes! You are the sole Disposer of my Actions;
But, Madam, think, weigh well e'er you Command,
What dangerous mischiefs, may attend my stay.

Princess. None that can equal that of losing thee,
Compar'd to it, all Ills are but a Name.

Agnes. Govern'd by you, I will believe all safe,
Tho' my sad Soul some dreadful thing forebodes;

What

What may not *Don Alvaro* undertake?
Encourag'd by the King, whom I've incens'd;
He's Base, as Great, and all is to be fear'd,
From one, whom want of Pow'r alone restrains,
In what the most irregular desire:

Princess. Be satisfy'd, whilst I am thy Protectress.
The Prince by this time may be in the Garden,
He is to pass that way. Instruct me as we go
In all that pass'd betwixt the King and you,
From thence I'll take my measures, [Exit Princess, and Agnes.

Elvira. How stupidly she hugs the Poy's'nous Serpent!
She must be sharply stung before she'll wake;
Sure, if she thought her Rival did betray her,
She'd shake her off, for all this foolish fondness.

Bianca. The difficulty is t'inspire that thought,
The Princess is possess'd with a belief
Of *Agnes's* Virtue, which her last request
Of leaving her, must needs have much confirm'd.

Elvira. But what if I should play the Anti-Bee,
And from this Nice Romantick Honour draw,
A Poyson, to destroy her good Opinion?

Bianca. That were a Master-piece of Art indeed.

Elvira. 'Tis the peculiar cunning of our Sex,
To make Good, Ill, and Ill for Good appear;
And things which seem directly contrary,
We turn, and use to compass our designs.
I'll write a Note as from the Prince to *Agnes*,
It shall express a free converse with her,
And joy for having overcome her Scruples,
Then beg her to obtain his Wife's consent,
On the pretence of shunning him, to leave *Coimbra*,
That he may see her with more easie freedom,
Than watchful Eyes, wou'd e're permit him here.
This you shall take an Opportunity,
(Be sure it be the first) to give the Princess;
Tell her you saw it drop from *Agnes's* Pocket,
And watch her ev'ry motion when she reads;
I'll instantly about the mighty work,
Such Joys I find in others Misery,
If all were Damn'd, Hell wou'd be Heav'n to me. [Ex. the Scene shifts

Enter as in a Gallery the King, Prince, Alvaro, and Attendants.

Prince. Were the Audacious Rebels boasted Pow'r,
Encreas'd by twice the number which they bring,
And ev'ry single Foe of Gyants strength,
I wou'd not doubt success in such a Cause;

Conscience:

Conscience does half our Work. A wild dismay,
Disables ev'ry Paricidal Arm.

King. Thy well-prov'd Va'our gives me surer hopes,
Which in thy softer Youth was bravely try'd,
Against the powerful, fierce *Alboacen*;
I saw my Son do feats beyond his Age,
Whilst ev'ry stroke the Soldiers rung his name,
He seem'd to fire their Courage, raise their hopes,
And bring the Foe inevitable Death.

Prince. They have not, Sir, forgot what you perform'd,
You taught us all the way to Victory.

King. I think they never saw me fly from danger;
Go, as my Gen'ral, quell this rash Rebellion,
But Prince, subdue your self, and be my Son.

Prince. If I do ought unworthy of that Name,
May I become the Vilest Peasant's scorn.

King. Spoke from the Heart, I dare believe my Son;
Go, and return a double Conqueror.

Prince. Commanded thus, I dare all opposition.
To morrow's dawn, full Victory shall bring;
For Virtue, for my Father, and my King.

Exit Prince.

King. Am I a King, *Alvaro*?

Alvaro. Great Monarch——

King. By Heav'n your scornful Mistress, braves my Pow'r,
Disdains my Favourite, slights my Noblest Gifts,
I bear it all, and yet I am a King.

Alvaro. No Monarch's Pow'rs so vast, as Woman's Empire,
The Conquerors of the World, submit to them.

King. 'Tis but a Voluntary Condescension,
They have no right to govern in themselves,
And yet ungenerously the Tyrants use,
That Pow'r to our Destruction, which we give.

Alvaro. Something they have beyond what we have giv'n,
A strange ascendant, unaccountable,
From Nature, or by Witchcraft over Men;
I call'd my Pride, and Reason to my aid,
So arm'd, methought I cou'd defie her Charms,
Yet spight of both, I trembled when she frown'd:
Gods! Though I hate her, must I still obey!

King. 'Tis in your choice, t'obey, or be obey'd;
What she denies your Prayers, by Force obtain.
Don *Pedro*'s absence favours the Design,
And when she's in your pow'r, you've nought to fear;
He'll lose his hopes by seeing her your Wife,
She'll make a Virtue of Necessity, and dutifully, seem, at least to love.
I need not sure instruct a Lover more

Alvaro. Divinity on Earth, how graciously
You order all things, to your Creature's wish.
But first I'll see, this Coy, this haughty Fair,

Though

17
Tho Pride before made her disdain to yield,
More reasonable Pride, on second Thoughts,
May shew her all the Bounty of a King,
In most magnificent, prevailing Pomp,

King. This Moment, she, and *Portugal* shall know,
That but in Name, I will be more than thee;
Th'Effect may move her more than Promises.

Alvaro. I cannot throughly with she may consent,
Revenge wou'd then remain unsatisfy'd;
I love, and hate her, both with Violence,
And both the Passions equally wou'd please,
T'enjoy her were for Love a happy Fate,
But 'tis the Rape, wou'd satisfy my Hate.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Elvira solus.

THE Lot is cast, for *Agnes*, or *Elvira*,
If my good *Genius* watch not for me now,
Let it forever sleep, in dull Neglect;
My All depends on this important Project,
Curst if it fail, how blest'd if it succeed!
To see her Banish'd from *Constantia's* Heart,
The Prince's Presence, and my Brother's reach;
Fate sure will grudge so vast a sum of Joy,
Afraid to lose the dearest part of Pow'r,
And see me Happy, past a change to woe:

Enter Alvaro with a Train of Courtiers.

Brother, I must congratulate your Fortune,
This Days new Acquisitions to your Greatness,
The Royal Tokens of our Monarch's Favour,
Spreads through the Court, an universal Joy;
Your Friends are proud, to see you rais'd so High,
And Envy pleas'd, that you can rise no Higher:
You'll give me leave to bear a Sisters part.

Alvaro. I have intended you a greater Share;
These Honours are our Instruments of Vengeance;
I never can forget your Injuries,
For which I've long born Hatred to the Prince.
The World remembers still those warm Addresses,
Which rais'd the Malice of the Envious Fair,
And made you lift your Hopes to Royalty,
Now turn'd to worse than Hate, a cold Neglect;
What can they think, but that he whor'd my Sister?

D

Elvira.

Elvira. And what of us, to bear the Infamy,
The shame of Scoffs, forsaken Maids receive?

Alvaro. I wait but for Opportunity,
To take a lasting, deep, and full Revenge;
His Love presents us with the wish'd Occasion;
By that, by *Agnes*, we must punish him.

Elvira. There spoke a God; that Thought was more than Human:
Oh! my dear Brother, there you hit the Point;
I hate her more, yet more, than I hate him,
Not for his Love alone, but for *Constantia's*;
With mine you will redress the Kingdoms Grievance:
We're all alike neglected for this Stranger,
The Princess thinks her Thoughts, sees with her Eyes,
She governs ev'n her Smiles, her smallest Favours;
The Spanish Fugitive, is Sovereign here.

Alvaro. Fear not, she shall be soon but what I will;
Some Ceremonies past, I'll visit her,
And if my Glories has not mov'd her Heart,
By Heav'n, this Day, I'll force her to the *Hymen*.

Elvira. The *Hymen*! that's indeed a brave Revenge!
Revenge upon our Selves.

To make her equal Partner in those Glories,
To place her in a Rank above your Sister,
And nearer to the Prince, is that Revenge?

Alvaro. You take the Prospect wrong; turn off your Eyes,
From your unjust Aversion to *Agnesia*,
And fix 'em on the Wrongs the Prince has done us,
You see not how we shall torment his Soul,
By this New Obstacle to his Desires.

Elvira. I see not the New Obstacle indeed,
None in her Husband, more than in his Wife;
Nor do you see, what now *Constantia* knows,
And all the Court will know, to your Reproach;
She loves the Prince, she entertains his Love,
The secret Correspondence is discover'd:
And you——

Alvaro. Oh then we're sure to be reveng'd of both.

Elvira. Your Passion makes all seem to it's Advantage;
But well I know, what e're our Sex pretend,
A Rape is less injurious in their Thoughts,
Than Sights from one who once was call'd their Subject.
Ten newly-vanquish'd Slaves wont countervail one Captive lost:
That shews it possible to break their Chains,
Which Womans Pride can't bear to have believ'd.
None take by Violence, but what they value;
Forsaking her, proclaims a Disesteem,
And that offends the Womans Spirit most:
Trust me, for by experience I may speak.

Alvaro. Ay Sister, but you lov'd the Slave you lost.

Elvira. Then learn of one who lov'd as well as you; To scorn, where you are scorn'd.

Alvaro. You scorn, because that's all you have in Pow'r: Could you enjoy by Force the Man you lov'd, You'd think that best Revenge.

Elvira. Dote on them, let her triumph o'er your Weakness, Prevent her being banish'd by the Princess, And fix her here to satiate her love, Where the pleas'd Lovers ev'ry Day may meet, And glance their Amourous Wishes to each other, Their Souls enjoy in publick through their Eyes, And in some stoll'n Hours (which Love will find For all the care of watchful Jealousie)

We may be made the Subject of their Mirth. When she has told her Arts to cheat the Husband, He'll tell her, of the Sisters foolish Passion, How credulous she was, and how deceiv'd. You think that best Revenge.

Alvaro. By all the Gods I swear, I'll rather stab 'em both, than suffer it.

Elvira. Think better of their Prudence, than to imagine They'll give you any subject for Suspicion; No, you must like the rest of injur'd Husbands, Alone be ignorant of your own Shame, Whilst the least Curious, the most unconcern'd, May point you out a Cloak to their Amours.

Alvaro. Think better of my Prudence, than to imagine I'll give 'em the least Opportunity. Trust me, to guard her strictly, when she's mine.

Elvira. Trust me, to hinder her from being thine. *Alvaro's Wife!*

Fortune can't favour her Ambition more; And what could love do more to serve the Prince, Than fixing her in Portugal for ever, Where they may sigh, gaze, talk, and—Oh what not! That Thought has rais'd a Tempest in my Soul, Not to be calm'd whilst hated Agnes lives.

Enter Bianca. Madam, that seditious Air will poison your Fate; Fortune this Day begins to change her Side, Asham'd of favouring Fools, and Knaves so long, To make some recompence she courts you now.

Does so obligingly assist your Will, It may regain the Honour she has lost, And for her Blindness past, this Choice atones.

Elvira. Fortune bestows her Gifts without Distinction, She ne'er considers, either Fools, or Wise,

But follows a Caprice, a love to Change;
The fawning Jilt ne'er smiles but to deceive,
And but deludes me here with vain Success,
Whilst I'm defeated in my greatest Hopes;
In kindness she pretends to wound my Foes,
But basely turns my Weapons on my self.

Bianca. Defend me, Heav'n! you're not betray'd, I hope!

Elvira. 'Tis worse, to see a Plot so well design'd,
Secret as Fates Decrees, yet unavailing.

Bianca. Dear Madam, How have you been misinform'd?
The Princess bears it as we might expect,
Th'effect of her Displeasure's yet uncertain,
But we may hope the best.

Elvira. It is not her I fear,
My Brothers Fondness gives me Apprehensions,
Which at my Souls expence I won'd shake off.
But the Particulars of your Success!
You have not told me yet your grounds of Hope.

Bianca. I sought you for that end.
When I'd receiv'd the Letter from your Hand,
I hasted to the Garden, where I found
The Princess leaning on her Rivals Neck;
They mingled Kisses with the tend'rest Words,
As if their Rivalship had made 'em dear;
Nor did she meet her Lord with greater Kindness:
As soon as he appear'd, *Agnes* desir'd
Permission to retire, which she obtain'd:
Th'occasion fairly offer'd, I observ'd,
And waited only, till the Prince had ended
His last Endearments, which were short, but kind.
Then I approach'd, the Paper in my Hand;
And to my Wish, she ask'd me what I held;
I told her 'twas a Letter *Agnes* dropp'd;
Just when she left her Highness;
I'll give it her th' unwary Princess said,
And took it with an Air so unconcern'd,
As plainly shew'd she fear'd not what she found;
And that a friendly Freedom made her read it,
No Spark of jealous Curiosity.

Elvira. Dull, senseless peice of Earth! and then she smil'd,
As pleas'd her Friend took pity of her love,
Or wept for Grief that she disturb'd their Joys,
Say, How did it affect her?

Bianca. She neither wept, nor smil'd, but as surpriz'd,
A Momentary Red o'respread her Face;
Soon as that disappear'd, she only sigh'd,
And read it twice with all her nat'ral Temper;
Then, with a Voice, and Aspect won'drous mild,

She

She gave Command that all, without exception,
Shou'd be deny'd admittance to her Chamber;
Agnes came often there, but was refus'd,
Which seiz'd her with so violent a Grief,
As shew'd her love surpass'd the Princesses,
Or that her Moderation was far less.

Elvira. The Princess is a singular Example
Of Apathy, which Stoicks preach'd in vain;
For Nature's Laws were still more strong than theirs:
But sure *Constantia's* of another Kind,
Not made of the same Elements with us,
Or Nature, forming her, forgot the Fire.
Oh! 'cou'd I but infuse with that cold Mass,
Th' excessive part of Spirit which boils o're,
And burns within, with more than needful Force,
'Twou'd heat her to a generous active Rage,
Which soon wou'd free her from that Curse, a Rival.
I wou'd for such a Change, compound with Heav'n,
For all the Blessings meant to be my Lot:
But Miracles like that, are only wrought to ruine me.
My Brother is transform'd for my Destruction;
That noble Pride is lost, that haughty Soul,
Which look'd on all below it with Disdain,
Is now subjected to a Womans Scorn:
I met him going to that Sorceress,
Joyful to lay new Honours at her Feet,
And be again despis'd. Spight of her Slights,
He swears he'll marry her by Force if she refuse.
Gods! must she have all Hearts which I wou'd claim!
Why were our jarring Fates so nearly set?
One Heart can never long contain two Things,
So incompatible as *Agnes* and *Elvira*.

No, nor the World; or She, or I, must leave it;

Bianca. Will not her Banishment suffice?

Elvira. Her Banishment! What to my Brothers Arms?
Poor spirited *Alvaro's* grown so mean,
He'd take her from the Prince's Bed, to his;
Hell and Confusion! Must she be his Wife?

Bianca. Rather than hope to be in time the Prince's!

Elvira. Both's Death to me, and both must be prevented!

Bianca. Have you consider'd, Madam, your Design,
The Danger, and the Shame, that must attend it?

Elvira. So *Agnes* be involv'd in equal Fate,
I wou'd not stop, tho Hell were in my way;
'Tis past Dispute, she dies what e're oppose,
This Day shall end the Triumphs of her Eyes,
This Day be sacred to Revenge for ever.
We're certain now to find her, and alone,

Here

Her Friendship is too nice in such a breach
To let her visit, or be visited.
Go you prepare with haste and secrecy,
Horses, and fit Disguises for us both,
That we may fly *Coimbra*, if suspected;
My Brother, and *Lorenzo* both have Interest,
And both Concern enough, to gain my Pardon;
Then *Agnes* has provok'd the King so far,
He'll easily forgive a Death he wishes:
If not, the World affords us choice Retreats,
Countries that much surpass our *Portugal*,
Where we may live as great, and more secure:
But let what will befall me, thou shalt see I'm not ungrateful.

Bianca. May Fortune serve you faithfully as I,
And take your part in ev'ry Enterprize,
With the same Zeal, as you're obey'd by me.

Elvira. As I dare trust thy Faith; I take thy Wish.
This is the Hour, if Fortune will be kind,
An Hour most fit to make Revenge compleat;
A single Death's too little for my Wrongs,
But Life, and Fame; at once, is worthy them;
This, for my Lover's, that my Brother's Heart.
Thus my Revenge, shall beyond Death extend,
And whilst her Name is known, will never end.

[*Exeunt*;

SCENE II. *Enter Agnes and her Woman.*

Agnes. The Light offends me; let the Room be darkned,
And none be suffer'd to disturb my Thoughts. [*Exit Woman*]
How much our Souls and Bodies sympathize!
Now that my Mind is fill'd with gloomy Sadness,
The chearful Light is hateful to my Eyes. [*Woman returns*]

Woman. Madam, here's Don *Alvaro* to wait on you,
He won't be refus'd Admittance.

Agnes. What pains a hated Lover takes to see himself despis'd I

Enter Alvaro.

Alvaro. He whom all *Portugal* obeys, and fears,
Who scarce beholds a Creature not below him,
With pain obtains the Grace to kneel to you.

Agnes. It is not fit a Man of Power so vast,
Shou'd stoop to any but his God, or King;
I pay but what I owe your Quality.

Alvaro. How cruelly you shew your mock-respect!
Respect to Slaves condemn'd, is but Derision,
A Barbarous, Tyrannical Insult.

Agnes. From you I learn'd that witty Tyranny;
For under colour of dissembled Love,
You plague and torture more effectually,
Than all the Hate of bare-fac'd Enemies.

Alvaro.

Alvaro. If loving you almost to Adoration,
And throwing all my Honours at your Feet,
If that be tort'ring you, how are you pleas'd?

Agnes. Obedience pleases me.

Alvaro. I wou'd obey, unjust, relentless Fair,
But if I cease my Suit I lose my Hopes;
Where's then the Fruit of such a vain Obedience?

Agnes. Enjoy the Fruit then of your Disobedience,
A Hate, as obstinate, as fix'd as that.

Alvaro. Nature has been unjustly lavish here,
To have bestow'd so rich a Stock of Beauty,
As must impoverish half the World beside,
On one, who churlishly denies Relief to starving Beggars,
Whilst the wretched Miser, but hoards a Treasure
Which she cannot use, nor will it's Value last.

Agnes. If Beauty be a Treasure, sure 'twas meant
For a Reward to Vertue; whilst the rest,
The Riches, Honours, all the Gifts of Fortune,
Are blindly giv'n to those who least deserve;
Whose Servile Souls make 'em more fit to stoop
Through all the little ways that lead to Greatness.

Alvaro. The Great are only Vertuous; What but Pow'r
Makes Actions Right, or Wrong? Accept my Love,
And you shall see your self above controul,
Where none, in Thought, dare tax you of a Fault.

Agnes. My Innocence is more to me than Fame,
Your boasted Pow'r can only give a Name;
A Name which all that know you will despise:
I see you worshipp'd like a God 'tis true,
But 'tis with Worship such as *Indians* paid;
They fear, but hate, and curse you at the Heart:
My pure unbyass'd Soul, from Int'rest free,
Unmov'd, by what the Vulgar tremble at,
Defies that Devil which it sees within:
I see it, through the gilded, thin disguise.

Alvaro. That Devil you desie, may make you fear;
Your God is absent, for your Worship's known;
I'll seize his Heav'n, h'as fix'd it in your Charms,
And give him Hell, to see you in my Arms.

[Exit. Alvaro.]

Agnes. Monster of Nature, I detest the Thought.
Enquire if the Princess may be seen.

[Exit. Woman.]

If she is chang'd, What can remain the same?
The Heav'ns did not more regularly move:
She seem'd immediately inspir'd from thence;
So just, and of a Piece, was all her Thoughts:
She is inspir'd, 'tis Heav'n directs her now,
For Heav'n is angry that this Day shone.
Where shall a persecuted Virgin fly?

What can I hope, abandon'd by the Princess,
Whose Goodness only chas'd away my fears?
Oh! she's unkind, she's in one hour transform'd!
What have I done, nay thought, that cou'd displease her?
Did I not part from her with some regret?
Was I not griev'd she gave me leave to go?
Methought I wish'd to see the Prince once more,
And then began to apprehend his Danger,
With anxious fears I had not known till then.
But if she knew those Thoughts, she'd know as well
I check'd the sinful Tumult in my Breast,
Not less offended with the Guilt than she.

Enter Woman.

Woman. Madam, the Princess has just left her Chamber.

Agnes. Whither does she intend?

Woman. It is not known,
Only suppos'd, she went to walk in private,
Being unattended.

Agnes. Perhaps she may, I'll seek her in the Garden,
And know my Crime, or die for Expiation.

[Exit.]

Enter Princess.

Princess. Already dark! Time does not creep so slow,
That we had need t'anticipate the Night.

Woman. 'Twas my Lady's Order to entertain her Grief,
But if your Highness pleases, I'll ———

Princess. Oh no, let it be thus, I like it well.
All that looks mournful suits my Misery.

[To her self.]

But why should she be sad?

Can Guilt, and Innocence, have like Desires?
This Melancholly Fancy pleases me.

Where is your Lady?

Woman. Madam, she's just gone out, with a design
To wait upon your Highness.

Princess. Tell her I will expect her here.

[Exit Woman.]

'Twere most unjust to punish her unheard,
Thus far I owe, to one that was my Friend,
To one, who tho ungrateful still I love.

Something methinks, pleads strongly for her Truth,
Tells me she may be wrong'd, and innocent;
Yet what shou'd move Bianca to deceive me?
What Interest cou'd she have? What end in that?

No, no, 'tis plain,

Agnes is false, as false as she was true;
For she was true, till by the Prince seduc'd.
The Prince! that Name's enough for her excuse.
What Vertue can be proof against his Charms?

That

That irresistible, that God-like Man ;
Yet much she might have suffer'd, much for me,
For none cou'd love more tenderly than I ;
I found in her suppos'd Fidelity
Full Recompence for all I lost before ;
My Husband's want of Love her Love atton'd :
This was a Blow struck to the very Heart,
There's now no Remedy in Nature left ;
No, both shall see me quickly in my Grave ;
My Death will make your Loves more innocent,
Your Guilt, and my Misfortunes in one Tomb, for ever shall be laid.

Enter Elvira behind the Princess.

Elvira. Alone in Darkness, and so fitly plac'd !
Now vanish all that's womanish or soft ; *[Stabs her in the Back.]*
Rival, Revenge has said this Hour's thy last ;
And to torment thee in thy latest Gasps,
Know, by my Means, the Princess thinks thee false.

Princess. Wicked *Elvira*, thy mistaking hand,
Has done a Deed too good for thy Design ;
Heav'n guided it, to ease me of a Life,
Which was a heavy, grievous Burthen grown :
And hinder thy Intent to snatch from hence,
The choicest Jewel, which the World cou'd boast.

Elvira. Curst be the fatal Pow'r that guided me ;
Curst be the Arm that blindly did obey ;
Take the Reward thy Treachery deserves : *[Stabs her Arm, and*
Oh ! I have bravely hazarded my Life, *[throws away the Dagger.]*
To make a Passage open for my Rival,
To bring her safely to the Prince's Arms,
To give the longing Lovers all they wish'd ;
Curst, curst, *Elvira* !

Enter Agnes.

Here's my proud Enemy ; Ha, is she here ?
I feel new Mischief brooding in my Soul ;
Aid me this once the great Infernal Tribe,
For *Agnes* Death, my Soul shall be the Bribe.

[Exit. El.]

Princess. Now let me die in Peace, since Heav'n allows
Me once to see thee, dearest, injur'd Maid.

Agnes. Now let my Soul be calm, die all my Fears,
Since you, the Object of my Hopes, are kind :
Not Ships in Storms, not Travellers benighted,
Amongst wild Beasts, left in a lonely Wood,
Can half express the Anguish I have felt,
Depriv'd of you, my Light, my Guard, my All.

Princess. Forgive me Child, be all thy Wrongs forgot,
For ever wash'd away, in my Life's Blood.

Agnes. Better all Womankind at once shou'd perish,
Than you, the sole Perfection of the Sex,

The greatest Blessing, of the whole Creation.

Princess. Say rather, the Incumbrance of the Earth;
One who but liv'd for an unhappy Plague,
To the most Noble, most Divine of Men;
Which Heav'n, grown mild, most kindly does remove,
With this additional Favour to my Death!
That it preserves thy dearer envy'd Life,
And in thy Life, the Prince's.

Agnes. Horrible Mystery, of Life, and Death,
Oh ease my trembling Heart! What mean you Madam?

Princess. Fear only for thy Self, for I am well;
But, *Agnes*, thou hast many Enemies.
The Death I have receiv'd was meant for thee;
Elvira's black Design, whose Envy first
Contriv'd against thy Fame, and then thy Life;
But by a happy Error both are safe;
At once she gave the welcome Deadly Blow,
And with malicious Boasting, clear'd thy Vertue.

Agnes. Perish the Sacrilegious, Hellish Hand;
Too fatally it wounded where it aim'd,
And gave me double Death in striking you.
Ah cruel Fate! Was there no other way,
To make us Friends, but parting us for ever?
Wou'd I had rather dy'd unjustify'd,
Contemn'd, and loath'd, by you, and all the World.

Princess. Be less transported; thy too moving Grief,
Had almost forc'd from me a Wish to live.

Agnes. Alas! my heedless Sorrow had forgot,
To call Assistance, for my dearest Princess. [*Going, the Princess holds her.*]

Princess. It wou'd be vain, for Death has seiz'd me all,
And if thou go'st, I ne'er shall see the more,
These Eyes will be shut up in lasting Night.
Stay, and receive a dying Friend's Request;
Believe thou always hast been dear to me:
Ev'n when I fear'd thee False, I thought thee True;
And let this Forgery, excuse my Fear. [*Gives her a Letter.*]
Then, if thou'st ever bore me true Affection,
Double it on the Prince, my better part;
Intreat him to forgive me for thy sake,
The Troubles, I unwillingly have caus'd him.
Be thou to young *Fernando*, what I was;
Speak of me to him. Don't forget thy Friend;
Remember with my latest Breath, I beg,
I charge thee love the Prince, I charge thee marry him.
My Dear I'm going, Heav'n receive my Soul.

Agnes. Oh! she's gone, she's gone, and left me here!
But I shall overtake my dear, dear, Mistress.
This Ponyard, Purple with her precious Blood;

[*Exit.*]

[*Fin.*]

'Tis useless, Grief has kindly done its Work:

[As she is going to kill her
Self, she falls in a Swoon.]

Enter the King, Alvaro, Lorenzo, Elvira, Bianca, Diego, Pedro, Cuellar

King. Heav'n's noblest Gift, torn from the groaning Earth,
By Hells curst Engine. Oh my dearest Daughter!

Elvira. The wicked Author has aveng'd her Death;
Her Fear, has desp'rately prevented Justice.

King. The vilest Hand shou'd punish such a Crime;
Hers was the fittest for the Execution.

Alvaro. She has no Wound, some help is requisite;
She breaths, and stirs.

King. Remove her, and be careful of her Life,
That she may die in painful Agonies.
Some strange, unheard-of Torture shou'd be made,
For this foul Act, which has no Precedent.

Alvaro. But Sister, Are you certain *Agnes* did it?

King. Relate particularly, all you know.

Elvira. This Wound is witness of that horrid Truth,
Which Justice will not suffer me to hide.
Hither I came to visit *Agnes*, Sir;
But finding the unhappy Princess here,
And seeing both in Heat, retir'd unseen;
I scarce had pass'd one Room, when a shrill Cry
Recall'd me, trembling, to a dreadful Sight,
The Princess weakly struggling for her Life,
Which *Agnes* threatned with a lifted Ponyard;
I wildly flew, and drag'd her from her Prey,
At which enrag'd she struck this aiding Arm,
Now quite disabled, forc'd to loose its Hold;
Then ran and stab'd the Princess in the Back,
Who out of breath, and weary'd with Resistance,
Had fall'n into the Seat where now she lies,
Cold, Motionless, and ne'r to rise again.

[Weeping.]

Bianca. I was Spectator of this sad Adventure,
For I alone attended on the Princess;
Her Highness shew'd a Letter to *Agnes*,
At which they both seem'd mov'd:
I was commanded then to leave the Room,
But soon return'd, hearing unusual Noise;
And seeing *Agnes* with a naked Dagger,
My Shreeking, brought Donna *Elvira* back.

Alvaro. Perhaps this is the Letter you have nam'd;
'Tis from the Prince, To the Coy, Vertuous *Agnes*.

[Gives it the King.]

King. 'Tis not Don *Pedro*'s Hand.

Alvaro. He makes excuse for his disguising it.
My Rival, may be, has not yet enjoy'd her;

[Aside.]

But

But if he has, shall I live unreveng'd ?
Methinks 'twere brave, both for my Love, and Anger,
To force the charming, fair, damn'd Hypocrite.
Here 'tis impossible ; I must remove her,
And manage so, the King may ne'r suspect me,
But the Prince's Agents.

King. Infamous Strumpet ! Barb'rous Murd'ress !
Without these Evidences, 'tis undoubted,
Agnes alone cou'd with *Constantia's* Death ;
For she had such a gen'ral, winning Goodness,
So easily forgave the greatest Wrongs,
And was so over-tender of her Friends,
'Twas all Mankind's concern that she shou'd live ;
Nay *Agnes* ow'd her more than all the World,
And she, Ungrateful Wretch ! has paid her thus ;
These are the curst Effects of shameful Love.

Alvaro. There never was a Scornful Maid like *Agnes*,
Affecting coy Reserv'dness more than common,
But entertain'd a secret, sinful Flame.

King. That Flame a fiercer Fire must extinguish ;
She shall be tortur'd first, then-burnt alive.

Lorenzo, she's your Pris'ner, keep her strictly.

Lorenzo. If I durst beg for her a milder Doom !

King. But that I know thee honest, I shou'd think
Thou wert Accomplice in this base Intrigue.
Thou lov'st my Son, yet I believ'd *Lorenzo*
Wou'd part with Life, but not his Honour for him.

Lorenzo. I thought it not dishonourable, Sir——

King. No more ; I'll hear no Intercession for her :
That Man's a Traitor who dares wish her Life ;
Had she ten thousand they were all too few.
Oh ! if her Rage had Butcher'd half Mankind,
Not one had fall'n lamented like *Constantia*,
That murder'd, matchless Vertue. Poor Princess!
Carry her from this poyson'd, hated Place :
And let us all those gen'ral Crimes lament,
For which this Universal Judgment's sent. [*Ex-King, Elvira after the Body.*

Alvaro. *Pedro, Cuello, and Diego, stay.* [*Softly to them.*
Don Lorenzo, but one short Word with you ;
Do you love *Agnes de Castro* ?

Lorenzo. That Question's strange, you know I love your Sister.

Alvaro. What mov'd you then to take her part so kindly ?

Lorenzo. Compassion is indeed a Miracle ;
'Tis true I had a stronger Motive.

Alvaro. Love, you mean.

Lorenzo. The Prince's Love for *Agnes* is no Secret,
Nor the Respect I bear him any News ;
That set together may resolve the Riddle.

But I must give some Orders for my Pris'ner.

Diego be you near, I shall employ you.

[Exit Lorenzo]

Alvaro. There's no tamp'ring with him, he's strictly honest,
And firmly fastned to the Prince's Int'rest.

Diego, you remember, and you *Pedro*,

Since the Prince sent you Home, Cashier'd, and in Disgrace.

Diego. We well remember it.

Pedro. And that we owe our Re-establishment to your sole Bounty.

Alvaro. I see you are grateful, and now offer you
The way to over-pay me all you owe,
And be reveng'd for an Affront so shameful.

Diego. When you vouchsafe to give us your Commands,
You but encrease our Debts by your new Favours;
For 'tis our highest Honour to obey you.

Alvaro. I think *Lorenzo* trusts you much *Diego*.

Diego. I've serv'd him faithfully, and gain'd his Favour.

Alvaro. You wou'd not then betray him for my Sake?

Diego. To serve my Patron, I'd betray my Father.

Alvaro. Serve me effectually in this Concern,
Then ask what e'r you wish, 'tis yours I promise;

[To Diego]

Pedro the same to you. 'Tis probable

Lorenzo (when he leaves her) will commit

Agnes de Castro to your Charge;

If so, you easily may make me happy;

Deliver her to *Pedro*, who shall wait

Well guarded to receive her from your Hands,

And carry her where I shall order him.

Diego. I must go too, or stay to die for her!

Alvaro. Fear not,

You know *Lorenzo* is the Prince's Favourite,

I can perswade the King with show of Reason,

He did it to preserve his Master's Mistress;

But tho you were discover'd, I have Pow'r

Enough to give you full Security.

Diego. My Life can ne'r be better hazarded

Than in your Service; but if she resists?

Alvaro. She must be ignorant of your Design.

Pedro. Pardon me, Sir, this one Objection:

Will it not rather please than grieve the Prince,

To save his Mistress from the Arms of Death?

Alvaro. A Rival's Arms will be more terrible,

If Love as fierce as mine enflame his Heart:

I'd rather see her Damn'd, than see her his.

Diego. *Pedro* be ready, I'll to Don *Lorenzo*,

E'r this he wants me for his Pris'ners Guard;

And I shall guard her, safer than he thinks.

Sir, doubt not of my Faith, or Diligence.

[Exit Diego]

Alvaro. I know thou lov'st thy self too well to fail me.

I must enflame the King against his Son ;
Saving the Murd'ers of his Wife, is Fuel
Which by my Art shall blaze to his Destruction.
Pedro we must prepare for our great Work ;
Oh Fate ! I thank thee, if thou hast design'd
So singular a Grace, 'tis wond'rous kind ;
Love, which cou'd scarce with Int'rest e'r agree,
Now serves Ambition and Revenge for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[*Agnes in a Swoon, Women about her endeavouring to recover her.* *Lorenzo.*

Agnes. **C**Ruel Tormentors, let me die in quiet ;
Here by my murther'd Princess, let me die.

Where is she ? Ha ! what have you done with her ?

[*Starts up.*]

I beg you tell me, for I'll never leave her ;

Show me her Grave ; since you refuse me Death,

I'll be intomb'd alive, with my dead Friend. [*Offers to go, Lorenzo stops her.*

Lorenzo. Pardon me, Madam, this ingrateful Office,
I must not let you go.

Agnes. He thinks me mad, indeed I shou'd be so ;

Madness wou'd be more reasonable now,

More decent in my Case, than stupid Patience ;

But I retain a wild, a raving Reason :

Have I not reason thus to tear my Hair ?

To fall upon the Ground, and mourn my Princess ?

Have I not reason too, to curse *Elvira* ?

Lorenzo. Madam, indeed you cannot grieve too much ;

But speak more charitably of *Elvira*,

For in her Case, you wou'd have done the same.

Agnes. What, can *Lorenzo* justify her Crime !

Oh most unworthy of thy Prince's love !

Tho she's thy Mistress, dar'st thou take her part,

In such an Action, done against thy Patron,

Which robs him most inhumanly, of her

Who lov'd him most, and most deserv'd his Love ?

Lorenzo. Madam, You know him not so well as I ;

My Prince himself wou'd not condemn *Elvira*.

Agnes. Base Detractor ! thy Master is most just ;

And tho her Life had not been dear to him,

He wou'd condemn, and generously lament,

A Fate so sad, and so deplorable.

Loren

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Lorenzo. 'Tis from that gen'rous Justice I affirm,
He wou'd not blame *Elvira*.

Agnes. Give me Patience Heav'n!
How impudently he defends her still!
What can'st thou say to plead so foul a Cause?
'Tis true, her Aim was at my worthless Life:
But did I ever give her Provocation?
If any Wrongs cou'd justify a Murder.

Lorenzo. Your Rage transports you, Madam;
It does not merit that opprobrious Term.

Agnes. Oh no! She had been innocent indeed,
If I had fall'n a Victim to her Hate;
But (to prolong my Woes) that was not suffer'd,
And cruel Fate, can only be accus'd.
Ah! Why was her more kind Intention hinder'd?
Why was not that ill-guided Instrument
Plung'd deep in my Hearts Blood, to glut her Rage?

Lorenzo. Did she then make attempt against your Life?

Agnes. Has not *Elvira* own'd 'twas her Design?
What cou'd she urge but that in her Defence?
And by what other way cou'd you excuse her?
Sure the most Savage Nature cou'd not harbour
A Thought against so mild, so good a Princess:
Ah *Lorenzo*! Before, I wonder'd that you should defend her;
I tremble now, with Horror at you for it.

Lorenzo. You amaze me, what do you accuse her of?

Agnes. Why do you trifle with a wretched Maid?
Ah miserable *Agnes*! shun Mankind;
There's nothing vertuous, since *Constantia*'s gone,
No Life without her; I'll go find her out,
And breath my Soul into her Lifeless Corps.

[Is going]

Lorenzo. Madam, I have strict Order to retain you,
You are my Pris'ner.

Agnes. Your Pris'ner! Sure you've lost your Wits *Lorenzo*.

Lorenzo. This seeming Ignorance will not avail you;
Elvira has discover'd all the Fact:

'Twere better to repent and own your Crime,
Than pull new Judgments on your guilty Head, by falsely taxing her.

Agnes. If what I darkly apprehend be true,
In vain have all my Thoughts been innocent,
In vain have all my Actions aim'd at Glory.
Ah Don *Lorenzo*! No, it cannot be;
I have strange Fears, but 'tis impossible;
What is my Crime? be plain, and clear my Doubts.

Lorenzo. *Elvira*, and *Bianca*, have declar'd
Before the King, they saw you kill the Princess.

Agnes. And he believes it? you believe it too?
Alas! none living knows that I am wrong'd.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo. We found you, Madam, lying by the Princess,
Holding the bloody Ponyard in your Hand.

Agnes. Grief for her Loss, had mov'd a sinful Thought,
Of laying violent Hands upon my self:
Oh Heaven! did you prevent my Guilt in that,
And yet permit the Innocence you sav'd
To be reproach'd with a more horrid Crime?

Lorenzo. Madam, be careful:
What probably cou'd be *Elvira's* Motive,
To kill the Princess?

Agnes. Alas I have no Witness of my Truth;
But vertuous Souls, perhaps may know each other:
I'm pleas'd I speak to you, for you are honest,
And love, I think, *Elvira* less than Justice.

Lorenzo. Speak, Madam, for I love my Prince so well,
I'd rather find her criminal, than you.

Agnes. May I for ever be excluded Heav'n,
If I shall utter ought beside the Truth;
The Princess came alone to find me here,
And sent for me, for I was just gone out.
When I return'd, I saw *Elvira* fly,
And, (Oh most dreadful Sight!) my Princess dying;
She told me with her last, expiring Breath,
Elvira had design'd those Wounds for me,
The sad Mistake, occasion'd by the Place;
And that in wounding her she clear'd my Fame;
Which by a Letter, forg'd I know not how,
She had before aspers'd.

Lorenzo. Was not *Bianca* with the Princess?

Agnes. I saw her not.

Lorenzo. Yet she protests against you;
Elvira has a Wound too, which confirms her Accusation.

Agnes. Alas! I know no more; the Princess scarce
Had Life enough to give me her Commands.

Lorenzo kneel, and join in what I ask:
Sacred Divinity, hear our just Prayer;
Let not the Guilty 'scape unpunish'd here,
But by some strange uncommon Judgment show,
Who shed that Blood which cries to thee for Vengeance,
And by her tort'ring Conscience, clear the Injur'd.

[*They kneel.*]

Lorenzo. Hear her, and guide my Heart to favour most,
Her, whom thy Wisdom knows to be most just.

Agnes. How strange a Charm is Vertue in a Soul!
Mine feels a Calm almost incredible,
After those blust'ring Storms, in which 'twas tost.

Lorenzo. Tho all Appearances are much against her,
Her Looks, her Grief, and Manner of Expression,
Have something so sincere, and unconstrain'd,

They

They won'd perswade me she is innocent:
Whether my fear to wrong the Guiltless move me,
Or that I am inspir'd from Heav'n, I know not;
But, Madam, if you dare confide in me,
I'll carry you where you shall be secure
From those Indignities, design'd you here.

Agn. Lorenzo no, I'm not so fond of life
To save it, by involving you in ruine.

Lor. My danger's little, I can fly with you,
Or to the Prince, he will be my Protector.

Agn. What wou'd the World conclude from such a flight?
I cou'd not give a greater confirmation,
To what they now injuriously suspect,
Than flying with the Prince's Favourite;
Nay worse, 'twould cast a blemish on the Prince,
And raise suspicions he were accessary.

Lor. You rather chuse a death most infamous.

Agn. I do not chuse,
What by all decent ways I wou'd avoid,
But bear it, as a fatal consequence
Of that which Honour forces me to take.

Lor. Your scruples are more nice than reasonable;
What scandal can your Enemies invent
More ignominious, than is now believ'd?
Or will your staying here, regain your fame?

Agn. At least I shall enjoy this consolation,
They cou'd not ground their malice on my actions;
And if my rigid Stars ordain my shame,
I'd better die to lay it in oblivion,
Than live to make my infamy more lasting.

Lor. Since I believe her wrongfully condemn'd,
Unless I aid her, I'm her Murderer;
Something I must endeavour for your safety.

Agn. Generous Lorenzo, do not tempt your fate,
'Tis rash to leap after a drowning Friend,
When a tempestuous raging Sea affords
No hopes of ought, but ruine to yourself.

Lor. Your case, I hope, is not so desperate;
And 'twere most barb'rous to see you sink,
When standing shelter'd from the threatening storm,
I could attempt to save you without hazard;
'Tis by the Prince's Arms I hope to do it,
Nor will defer what I've resolv'd one moment,
In two hours time I can be with my Master;
Be pleas'd to give me your Commands in brief.

Agn. Since I in vain perswade you not to go,
I pray you, good Lorenzo, tell the Prince,
That I desire nothing from his Justice,

~~But to believe, I die most innocent.~~

Lor. I'll obey you,
But hope to find his Justice more effectual.
This Night shall bring you news of my Success,
Mean while, I leave you to *Diego's* Charge,
He's Faithful, and will treat you with Respect.

[Exit *Lor.*

Agnes alone.

How fallly do the most of Mankind judge,
Who think the Fortunate are only happy;
The Vulgar, charm'd with what affects the Sence,
Ne'r know the nobler riches of the Mind,
Nor that peculiar priviledge of Vertue,
To make the Poor distress'd, great and content;
Condemn'd, despis'd, and Pris'ner as I am,
I wou'd not change Conditions with *Elvira*.

Enter Diego, with Pedro and Soldiers.

Diego, Madam, the King has sent these Messengers
To move you to a more secure Confinement.

Agn. Perhaps to Death, an ignominious Death;
But I shall meet my Princess where I go,
And our unspotted Souls, in Bliss above,
Will know each other, and again will love.

[Exit.

Enter Elvira alone.

Thus far has Fortune waited on my wish;
What does my discontented Heart desire?
I know not what I fear, and yet methinks,
I tremble ev'ry little noise I hear,
And a still silence fills my Soul with horror.
Bugbear for Fools, call'd checks of Conscience down,
The childish prejudice of Education;
Those Heathens who were taught for Piety,
What we esteem Debauches, felt remorse
When they omitted their licentious Worship:
Shall such a turn-coat Monitor be heeded?
False Babler peace; be cheer'd my sullen Heart.
I've heard soft Musick charms a troubled Mind
Lulls Cares asleep, and calms the roughest Passions;
Who waits there? sing me some mournful Song.

[After a Song the Ghost of the Princess rises.

Gho. Thou think'st thy Crimes secure, because unknown;
But, wretched Woman, thou thyself art Witness,
And unsuspected shall accuse thyself.

[Ghost descends.

Elvira Mad.

Furies and Hell! what's that? where am I? Dead;
No, there's too gentle Plagues in t'other World;
The Princess is come back to find worse here,
Or bring 'em all to me, she'll murder me.
Ha! that was a Hangman's voice, will he know me?

Let's

Let's see, is Murder printed in my face? *[Pulls out a Looking-glass.]*
 Ah! those are killing eyes— I'll stare the Prince to death;
 Look how they flame, they'll burn him up to ashes,
 But Agnes sets his heart and soul on fire;
 I'll weep it out, I'll quench it with my tears. *[Weeps.]*
 Oh there's a clattering Drum beats in my Head;
 Hush, hush, 'twill wake the Gods, they'r fast asleep;
 They drunk Opium when I kill'd the Princess:
 Say not a word, I'll go murder 'em all,
 And be Empress of the Moon; help me, Brother,
 You shall be *Phibius*, and set the World on fire.
 If the Ghost comes I'll stab it again;
 Wou'd the Devil wou'd keep it to himself tho:
 I'll send Agnes to her, she'll like her company.
 'Twas a frightful sight, I'm afraid she's damn'd;
 Well, 'twas a good Woman, I'll pray for her soul,
 And then she won't haunt me; she's there again,
 Murder, murder, murder. *[She runs several ways, and then Exit.]*

Enter Diego.

'Tis an unhappy Fate, to serve two Masters
 Whose Natures, and whose Intrests disagree;
 Whilst one entrusts me for the other's ruine,
 They leave me not the power of being honest,
 My choice is only, which I shou'd betray;
 Nor am I absolutely free in that,
 Tho' inclination bends me to *Lorenzo*,
 Yet stronger interest binds me to *Alvaro*.
 Self-preservation, Nature's universal Law,
 Constrains me to preserve my Faith to him,
 Who can at pleasure, crush me into nothing;
 So far he's as dipp'd me in his Villanies,
 He durst not let me live shou'd I turn honest,
 And now I must continue that for Fear,
 I was at first for Gain, against my Nature.

Enter to him the King, Alvaro and Attendants.

King to Diego. Tell *Lorenzo* I wou'd see his Prisoner.

Diego. Sir, he is gone,

He went as soon as he receiv'd your Orders.

K. What Orders? I sent none.

Diego. He said your Majesty commanded him
 To carry *Agnes* to a closer Prison.

Alv. And is she gone from hence?

Diego. Yes, my Lord, she went with *Don Lorenzo*.

K. Thunder confound 'em both.

What think you of his treachery, *Alvaro*?

Alv. I'm at a loss;

It cou'd not probably be for himself;

And yet I'm loath to think the Prince consented.

K. The Prince! they had not time to give him notice.

Alv. True,

Unless it were contriv'd before he went.

K. Then he contriv'd the Murder of his Wife.

Alv. I fear, most certainly, he knew the other,
But he may still be ignorant of both;
Perhaps *Lorenzo* does himself love *Agnes*.

K. No, no, he knew the Prince's love too well;
He's been a trusty Confident, no doubt,
And Pimp'd the lustful Couple to their Joys.
Send out to search most strictly through my Kingdom,
Proclaim a vast Reward for those shall find 'em.

Enter Bianca hastily.

Bia. to *Alv.* Ah, my Lord, the saddest News!

Alv. What can be added to our Misery?
Thy frighted looks wou'd speak some dreadful thing.

Bia. Alas! it is a dreadful thing, indeed,
Dona Elvira takes the Princess's death
So much to heart, she is depriv'd of Reason;
I met her raving, like a furious Lion,
Rob'd of her Young, she talks the wildest things,
Of Murder, Ghosts, of *Agnes*, and the Princess.

Alv. Oh fatal Day! oh my unhappy Sister!
To what unheard of place is Justice flown,
For now she seems to have deserted Heav'n?

K. Rash Man forbear prophanely to repine,
Cou'd Providence be guided by our Wishes,
One day wou'd show our Folly by our Ruine,
So ignorant is Man what's Good or Ill;
Yet we ungratefully complain of Heav'n,
As Children murmur at their loving Parents
For snatching dang'rous Weapons from their hands.

Alv. I was to blame, be my Surprise excuse,
Yet tho not murmur, I must mourn her Fate.

K. In that I'll joyn with thee, and will assist thee,
If half my Revenue can bring her Cure:
Mean while we'll meditate a just Revenge;
Go you to see *Elvira*, whilst I order
Our Forces to unite, in case my Son
Shou'd make Attempt to save his wicked Friends.
My Daughter, and your Sister, call for Justice,
And they shall soon have ample Satisfaction,
For *Agnes*, and *Lorenzo*, both shall die,
We'll show our Pious Grief, in Tears, and Bloud.

[*Exit King.*

Alv. You have made a quick dispatch, *Diego*;
But where's *Lorenzo*?

Dieg. My Lord, I know not where.
After conferring a long time with *Agnes*,

He

He rid in haste, not saying where he went.

Alv. I hope to plot for *Agnes*, with the Prince;
'Tis kindly done, to save their Friends the labour,
They throw themselves into the mouth of ruine;
And she that's cause of all shall have her share,
My Love has giv'n her but a short reprove;
When I have reap'd what to my passion's due,
She dies *Elvira*, she shall bleed for you.

[Exit.]

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I. *The Scene opens.*

Elvira asleep on a Couch, Bianca weeping by her, Alvaro advances.

The King enters to him, and the Scene shuts.

K. **W**Hat hopes have the Physicians of your Sister,
If Heav'n be propitious to their care?

Alv. Sir, they can give no certain judgment yet,
She's ta'en a dose to make her sleep an hour,
Which may produce a change to fix their thoughts.

K. So may our good endeavours prove successful,
As she's the just Detectour of a Crime,
Which cries aloud to Heav'n, and if conceal'd,
Had pull'd avenging Plagues on all our heads,

Your quick return gives hopes you've news of *Agnes*. [Enter a Messenger.]

Miss. May't please your Majesty, she's coming hither,
Conducted by the Prince, and *Don Lorenzo*

Alv. What say you! *Agnes* coming hither!

Miss. She is, my Lord; we had not travelled far
E're we perceiv'd her Chariot at a distance;
We strove to reach her, but before we cou'd,
We saw a body of Soldiers had approach'd her,
Which seem'd of a considerable strength;
Her Guards affrighted, quickly left their charge,
As we suppose, thinking them Enemies,
Sent by your Majesty to apprehend 'em;
And when we found it was the Prince had met her,
I rid before to tell your Majesty.

K. Dares he so openly protect the Murtherers!
By this base act he has renounc'd my Bloud,
And I renounce him, he's no more my Son.

Alv. Coming attended in this hostile manner,
Shows he'll defend her with his utmost power.

K. He's too far in to stop at any guilt.

Enter the Prince leading Agnes, Lorenzo, Pedro and Guards.

K. A decent Sight; is this your Nuptial-day?
'Tis well; she who has robb'd you of a Wife,

Has giv'n you in return a sister for you ;
And we'll assist to solemnize your Bridals :
Guards seize 'em.

[Guards look on one another without stirring.]

Prin. You cannot be my Friends, if you are Rebels,
Seize me, your King commands you.

Agm. They know there needs no Guard ;
We came not (Sir) to fly, or to resist ;
But to declare my innocence, and beg
Your justice, for the Murder of the Princess,
Who at her Death, accus'd *Elvira* of it.

Alv. Brand not with shame, a poor unhappy Maid,
Whose misery you have already caus'd ;
Alas ! she was so far from killing her,
The grief of it, has brought her to distraction.

Agm. Heav'n, thou art just.

Lor. Madam, our Prayers are heard.

K. What Prayer cou'd you make, or have accepted ?
From such polluted hands : Oh hardned Wretch !
How calmly she can talk of Heav'n's Justice,
As if she had not in a thought provok'd it !
Are Murder and Adultery petty Crimes ?
Thou do'st not tremble, shameless Prostitute.

Prin. Ah, Sir, forbear, you wrong the purest Vertue,
She never gave,
I never ask'd, the smallest Favour of her.

K. Perhaps her hot Desires prevented you,
She kindly gave at first the greatest Favours.
Yet you have ask'd, let this convince you both,
This shews the Correspondence you maintain'd,
This, this Discov'ry, cost your Wife so dear.
Blush, if thou'st e're a spark of Vertue left,
Blush at this Prologue to *Constantia's* Murder :

Prin. reads, *Dear Agnes, now you may reward my Love,*
The Rebels favour us, be you as kind ;
Intercal *Constantia's* leave to go from Court,
She knows I love, you use that fair Pretence,
Say you won'd fly a Prince who does Adore you,
And unsuspected, won my longing Passion.

Speaks, The Fallacy's as palpable as day,
Constantia heard not till this fatal morning
Of my unhappy Love ;
I hid it both from her, and from its Object,
Till Chance discover'd the tormenting Secret,
Since which, I did not leave my gen'rous Princess
Till you commanded me ; and all the Court
Know well, I in that moment left *Coimbra*,
In which I parted from your Majesty.
How then had I time to frame this Letter ?

K. How

K. How could you time to frame your wicked Plot?

'Twas neither with the Princess, nor with me,
You cou'd contrive the Murder of your Wife;
Hell never fails t'assist, on such Occasions.

Prin. Oh horrid! is your Son no better known?
So black an Accusation quite confounds me.

K. Till now indeed my Son was little known,
And oh! by much too soon he is discover'd.
Grief of my Age, and Shame of our great Race,
Thy publick Actions plainly speak the private;
What mov'd thy sudden coming to *Coimbra*?
How cou'd thy Mistress know of it to meet thee?
Or wou'dst thou have reliev'd the Murtherefs,
Unless thou hadst consented to her Crime?

Agn. If 'tis by that you judge, release your Son,
And let *Alvaro* bear the Punishment;
'Twas he, Sir, snatch'd me from the Hands of Justice,
All stain'd in Bloud, and Guilty as he thought me;
The Prince returns me back, tho Innocent,
Here to be Try'd, Condemn'd or Free'd by You.

Alv. Your Malice is too obvious to be heeded,
You found you cou'd not fix it on my Sister,
And now wou'd hedge me in, ungrateful Maid.

Prin. Ah, had your cruel Sister no more Malice,
Or were her Soul but half so true, so just,
She had not been arraign'd, or I suspected.
Do not disown, what thousands can attest,
Tho I alone am Evidence sufficient.
Sir, by your gen'rous Bloud which fills my Veins,
By all those noble Thoughts you have inspir'd,
By Honour, which is sacred to a Prince,
And on a Christian's Faith, I scorn to lie;
Lorenzo brought me this most doleful News,
Who left the injur'd *Agnes* Pris'ner here;
And 'twas with great Surprise we met her free,
For so we thought her, till her Cries declar'd
She had but chang'd for worse Captivity;
Worse she esteem'd it when she learn'd from *Pedro*,
She then was in *Alvaro's* hated Pow'r;
The same he own'd to stop the Soldiers Fury,
Who threatned him with Death, if he conceal'd
What he intended with his mournful Prize.
Speak *Pedro*, let not fear of this Great Man,
Prevail o're stronger Truth.

Ped. I can't deny what I before confess'd,
I stole her hence by Don *Alvaro's* Order.

Alv. Who's such a Villain to betray his Trust,
Dares for a Bribe betray his Conscience too,

And

And would not be in Justice credited.

K. That shall be more examined. But, false Youth,
You are most criminal whilst you protect
That bloody Woman, Monster of her Kind,
Whom all good Men abhor.

Prin. Oh, may I never have more Assurance
Of future Bliss, our promis'd Happiness,
Than I have Proofs she's wrongfully Accus'd;
Think me not blindly govern'd by my Passion,
For were she Guilty, I'd despise and loath her,
Forgive me, Sir— But when just Heav'n clears her;
You'll bless, and Praise, that Loyal, seeming Rebel,
Who durst, against your will, preserve your Vertue.

K. The Hypocrite has learn't the Holy Cant;
Be wicked openly, proclaim your Erection,
These thin Disguises can but cheat the *Volgar*;
Own that your Lust arms you against your Father,
And be at least, a gen'rous, bare fac'd Villain.

Agnes. Most noble Prince, you urge the King too far,
I ask for no Defence, but Innocence;
No Arms, but Argument, but Truth, and Vertue;
If they'r without effect we must resign,
Death's welcomer, than Life with Infamy.

Prin. Too nice, too vent'rous Maid, had you accepted
That safe Retreat, which first I offer'd you,
You had not needed my Protection now.
Oh Heavens! hadst thou rais'd me Enemies
Of monstrous Beasts, Armies of Men, or Devils,
I cou'd have met their utmost Rage undaunted,
Secur'd within by such a righteous Cause;
But oh my Stars! the sacred name of Father,
Deprives me of the pow'r to resolve;
Great Deity, instruct my doubtful Soul,
Of contradicting Duties, which to chuse,
Or else impute to Ignorance my Errours.

Scene opens, Elvira wakes and starts up.

Elv. Give me some Air, grim Torturers of Hell,
Mind not the Princess, fiery *Agnes* rules her;
Look, look she pours scalding Blood upon me,
Take her away. Ha! there's the Witch my Rival;
She runs, she runs, just to the Prince's arms;
My Brother cringes to her, now he tears her;
Hark *Lucifer*, let's swear her Soul away:
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh at the Princess,
She says I'll own myself her Murderer;
Who'll be Fool then? no body saw it;

Agnes will become a Scaffold as well as I.

Bia. Alas, poor Lady! how she lov'd the Princess,

In Idea of her Death, possesses her
So strongly, she can talk of nought but Murder.

Elv. Who dares name Murder? Ha! she can tell Tales;

[Pulls a Dagger from under her Gown, and stabs Bianca.
I'll stop her mouth; this Present was for Agnes,
But you shall have it, if you'll keep my Secret.

Bian. Oh fatal Blow! that Hand is skill'd in Death.

K. Unhappy Accident, take her away,
Let her be bound for fear of further Mischief.

Elv. Seize Agnes Jaylor, seize her, she's in fault; [As she is carry'd off.
If she had stay'd, and not sneak'd off so slyly,
By this time she had been among Hobgoblins,
And the Princess like a Fool crying for her.
It was not I, curst Hell-hounds, 'twas not I.

[Exit.

K. See that her Wound be dress'd with care.

Bian. Oh no 'tis needless, Heav'n has seal'd my Fate,
And shows its Justice most remarkably,
In punishing my Crimes by her who caus'd 'em;
Let me in dying clear my spotted Soul,
By saving those whose Ruin I design'd;
Elvira promis'd me a great Reward,
And wicked Avarice made me consent
To wrongfully Accuse the vertuous Agnes.
Ah Madam, can your Charity forgive
A tortur'd Wretch, sufficiently unhappy,
By dreadful Fears, and Stings of deep Remorse?

Agn. I do, as e're I hope to be forgiv'n.

K. Proceed in thy amazing Declaration,
And on thy Hopes of Heav'n, speak only truth.

Bian. Alas! what can I hope for by Deceit:
Elvira forg'd that Letter which you saw,
To ruine Agnes in the Princess's thoughts;
But apprehending still her Brother's Marriage,
She plotted Agnes's Death to hinder it,
And 'twas for her that cruel Blow was meant,
So fatal to the Princess in her absence;
Which when she found, she struck her own vile arm,
Enrag'd against herself for that ill Service,
But soon was reconcil'd to the occasion
Of taking full Revenge on her she hated,
Which she contriv'd by that false Accusation,
In which I aided, to my shame, and grief.

K. What caus'd *Elvira*'s Hate to Agnes? know'st thou?

Bian. Envy, and Jealousy. My strength decays,
Lead me away, I scarce have breath enough
To beg the Mercy of offended Heav'n.
Oh horrid Visions, of Eternal Torments!

[They lead her off.

K. What pity 'tis Man's Pow'r shou'd be so vast,

And yet his Knowledge bound in such streight limits,
That what we eagerly pursue as good,
Oft proves the Mischief which we most wou'd shun.
Oh! how am I escap'd just from the brink
Of that detested Crime, abominable Murther!
Take care to have *Elvira* close confin'd.

[To one of the Attend.

Madam, you'r free, thank the just Pow'rs above.

[To Agnes.

My Son, with joy I call thee Son,

Come to my arms, thou most belov'd, wrong'd Youth.

Prin. My King, my Father, do you then forgive me?
Have you so soon forgot my Disobedience?

K. The Cause which you maintain'd, excuses you,
And my Injustice cancels all your Faults.

'Tis late, my Son, I'll leave you to retire,
This Day's Fatigue, and Grief, requires some Rest.

Prin. Scarce any Grief equals the solid Joy,
Of having such a good, so kind a Father.

Permit us to attend your Majesty.

[*Exeunt the Prince leading Agnes; manet Alvaro*]

Alvaro Solus. Base Sychophants! not one remains with me,
Of all that Croud that worship'd me to day,

But fly, as if Misfortune were infectious:

Yes, mine shall be so, more fatal than a Plague;

Disgrac'd, and disappointed in my Love,

Nothing is left for me to court but Vengeance,

Nothing, that's more then all I am depriv'd of:

The King's Favour plac'd me above his Subjects,

Revenge on him, makes me above himself,

Which I will have, if I am still *Alvaro*;

As that alone the King shou'd fear me more,

Then when he set me nearest to the Throne,

For Desperation's bolder than Ambition.

My Rival is the Pillar of the Nation,

That fall'n, nothing can support the Fabrick;

I know they all rejoyce at my Disgrace,

And therefore they shall all lament with me;

It must be thought of——

The Prince, with *Agnes* will return this way;

I think I hear 'em, i'll observe the Lovers,

[*Alvaro goes aside to listen.*]

Perhaps 'twill contribute to my Designs;

No other way wou'd exalt my Name,

Let Universal Ruine give me Fame.

Enter the Prince and Agnes.

Prin. The business of my life shall be to serve you,
I have done nothing yet deserves your thanks.

Agn. The only Heav'n cou'd clear my innocence,
I am indebted much to your endeavours.

Prin. Most to yourself you owe;

That

That Majesty so awful, yet serene,
That calm, unshaken Constancy of Mind,
Shows Vertue in its heighth, grown to a habit,
So perfectly Self-evident in you,
'Tis as absurd to doubt your Innocence,
As 'twere to question if the Sun gives light;
But there are Atheists, tho the Deity
Is visibly express'd, in all his Works.

Agn. Oh that malicious Scandals rais'd of us,
Were no more prejudicial than to Heav'n,
In the Conversion of an Infidel,
The Being he Prophan'd is Glorify'd,
But tho we prove an Accusation false,
To us 'tis Shameful to have been suspected,
That's a Dishonour not to be repair'd,
A sulli'd Fame no Art can throughly clear;
But to avoid occasions of Reproach,
I'll fly, from hence, back to my Native Country,
Spain will not hear perhaps of my Disgrace.

Prin. Where e're you take your flight, it will proclaim
The strange Barbarity of *Portugal*;
We shall become a Proverb to our Neighbours,
T'express the most-unhospitable Usage;
But 'tis no matter, this ungrateful Court
Is most unworthy your Consideration.

Agn. It's Prince's Generosity atones
For all they did, or all they meant against me.

Prin. Such are the gross Affronts you have receiv'd,
I scarce dare ask so great a Blessing for us
As your continuing here; but if I've done
What Honour, or what Justice did require,
If I have show'd your Merit just esteem,
Or if *Constantia* e're deserv'd from you,
Do not desert, a place she lov'd so well.
Be gen'rous like yourself, forgive your Wrongs.

Agn. They need no Pardon, who design not Ill;
My Wrongs were by mistake, on well-built grounds,
And 'twere as great Injustice to revenge 'em,
As 'twou'd be vain to think of doing it,
By taking such a worthless Trifle from 'em:
But, Sir, my Friends in *Spain* will now expect me;
Unwillingly they suffer'd me to leave 'em,
When no Intreaties cou'd diswade me from it,
So much my Princess was more dear to me,
Than Kindred, Country, or what else I valu'd:
Now she is lost, what shou'd retain me here?
Where I can meet with nought but Shame and Grief,
All I foresee makes my Departure needful,

I find no grounds to raise the least Debate.

Prin. Does not a Prince's Life deserve your care?

Ah cruel Virgin! how you rack my Breast!

What Constancy is proof against this Tryal!

My Resolution to suppress my Flame,

Is lost, is vanish'd, I can hold no longer;

By Heav'n if you pursue your rigorous Purpose,

You kill a Wretch, who loves you, who adores you.

Agn. How justly wou'd the World condemn my Conduct,
If I shou'd stay after this Declaration?

Prin. My Fear, has only made my Ruine suerer,

And all I gain, is but to Fall unpity'd;

So Slaves compell'd by Torments, own their Crimes,

For which their sentenc'd to more rigid Pains.

But my Offence was only in confessing,

Why will you punish what you forc'd me to,

You tortur'd me, you tore the Secret from me.

Agn. Unhappy Creature! what I thought shou'd hinder,
Precipitates the very Ill I fear'd.

But oh, no more of this ill-tim'd Discourse;

Ah! is it thus we shou'd lament the Princess?

Prin. No, dear *Constantia*, she upbraids me justly,

Thy Love deserv'd eternal Gratitude,

Thy Vertue shou'd for ever be remembred;

All these Complaints, and Sighs of Love, for *Agnes*,

Shou'd burst in Tears of lasting Grief for thee.

I've judg'd, I have condemn'd myself already,

And willingly submit to your Decree;

You can effectually revenge the Princess.

Go, Madam, I deserve the hardest Usage;

Go, tho your Cruelty will give me Death,

Go boast, that tho you knew my Love to you,

Stronger than Reason, Honour, or my Vertue,

Yet your impartial Justice was not Brib'd,

To save a perjur'd, and ungrateful Man.

Agnes Farewel, farewell to you, and Life,

For I will lose those Blessings both at once;

No sooner shall you leave this hateful place,

Than you shall hear your Lover is no more.

Agn. Oh! how his Words prevail upon my Heart,

It melts, 'twill yield I fear, why shou'd it not,

Shou'd he who for my Freedom, Fame, and Life,

Expos'd his own, receive his Death from me?

Is treating thus the Man my Princess lov'd,

The way to pay her Memory respect?

And do I thus, obey her dying Charge?

Brave Prince, if I have Pow'r you must not Die;

That were a loss too great to be permitted,

[To Agnes.]

[To herself.]

For nothing but a Name, a puff of Breath,
What tho my Honour lye at Stake I'll stay;
Yet let convenient Decency be kept,
I must not, dare not, entertain your Passion.

Prin. Oh no, this Condescension is enough,
Great as I wish'd, beyond my Expectation,
By all your goodness I'll conceal my flame,
Till you yourself, shall license it to blaze;
But then — (Oh do not give me this reprove,
Only t'encrease the Fear, and pain of Death,
Then) may I hope, you'll not disdain my Love.

Agn. Your Birth, requires Respect from all the World,
Your Vertue, more commands our Admiration,
And what I owe particularly to you,
Wou'd make Disdain most unexcusable.
I'm not ingrateful, nor insensible,
My Heart resent'd deeply all you felt,
You peirc'd my Soul, with your Complaints and Sighs;
But I shou'd hide my tender Virgin-frailty,
You search too far, and I have shown too much.

Prin. No, for I never shall abuse your favour,
Your Mercy shall not make your Slave presume,
But whilst I'm ty'd to Rules, by Vows confin'd,
Some bolder, happler Man, not aw'd like me,
May snatch that lovely Prize I dare not claim,
And I must lose you, without murmuring.

Agn. I reverence my dear dead Princess more,
Than yet to think of ought that looks like Joy,
Of Marriage, Love, or any thing but Grief;
To her I'll consecrate my tender Thoughts,
Nor dare to think of you, but for her sake.
Nothing is to be fear'd save Violence,
I dread the base *Alvaro*, more than Death.

Prin. The watchful Dragon guarded not the Fruit,
With half that Care with which I'll keep my Love;
Alvaro shall not dare to look on her.

Alv. By *Lucifer* he's much to be lamented;
Gods! do I tamely stand and hear all this!

*Alvario behind draws his Sword, and is making at the Prince;
Agnes shrieks, the Prince turning about, and stepping aside
to avoid the Blow, it passes to Agnes.*

Prin. Oh treacherous Villain! quickly call for help; [*Prince draws,*
Stay savage Traytor, stay for my Revenge; [*he and Alvaro fights,*
But what's his Life, how poor a Satisfaction, [*Alvaro wounded.*
For such a loss, so irreparable,
This Jewel, of inestimable Value!

Alv. If you wou'd be Reveng'd, conceal your Grief,
I have not lost my Aim whilst you are Tormented;

Yous

Your Groans, and Sighs, are Musick to my Soul,
Softens my Death, charms all the Pain away ;
I Die with Joy, and Pleasure more than Wounds,
And cou'd not wish to have succeeded better ;
I've left you Life indeed,—— bare Life's a Curse,
When all the Joys of it are ta'n away,
And may eternal Curses be your lot.

[Dies.]

Prin. Infernal Fiend ! thou cou'd'st not frame a Curse,
T' encrease my Torments. Oh thou bleeding Fair,
For what does Heav'n thus persecute my Life ?
One moment's Bliss, is grudg'd me by my Stars,
And for a taste, nay scarce a taste of Joy,
A faint, imperfect, glimm'ring of Hope,
They plunge me in eternal, black, Despair.

Agn. The Princess dy'd for me, it is but just,
My Death should in return preserve his Life,
Who was the dearest thing to her on Earth.

Prin. Preserve it ! 'tis the surest Blow of Fate ;
Death comes with more than double force through you.

Agn. Dear Prince, for I in Death may call you so,
Talk not of Dying, least you anger Heav'n,
Who shows itself concern'd that you shou'd Live,
By thus miraculously guarding you ;
Your Thanks are due for that peculiar Care,
And to your Stars, for timely taking from you,
One they foresaw would prove your Life's Incumbrance,
Disturb your Joys, breed Envy, Hate, Confusion,
A Nation's Murmurs, and a Father's Anger.

Prin. All Trifles to thy Loss, thou brightest Blessing,
Ah art thou gone ! speak once again my Soul.

Agn. How have you Charm'd my fleeting Spirits back !
I felt unusual Glowings at my Heart,
It warm'd, and kindled into Life again,
But Death extinguishes the new-born Fire,
Ah lovely Prince ! must I for ever lose you.

[Dies.]

Prin. For ever ! are you then for ever lost !
I'm torn with racking Griefs ineffable ;
Oh let me pour my Fury on the World ;
Tear up this guilty Fabrick from its Center,
Destroy all Nature, but 'tis done already,
She's gone, and Earth's a Chaos, all Confusion ;
Where shall I wreck my Vengeance ? where ? on what ?
On whom but on thyself, for whom she dy'd,
This only Sacrifice, can make Attonement.

*As the Prince is going to fall upon his Sword, Lorenzo with
others Enters, Lorenzo holds him.*

Lor. Just Heav'n forbid ! that were a Blow too fatal,
Great Sir on your's, the Kingdom's Fate depends,

Your

Your Life's it's Safety, and your Fall it's Ruine.

Prin. No Kingdom, not a World, shou'd make me live,
Thou do'st but lengthen out my Woes a moment. [*Enter King Attend.*

K. What dismal Scene is this, of Bloud and Horror?

Prin. Horrid, and Bloudy ; yet imperfect still ;

Alvaro has perform'd the saddest part,

But I am to compleat the Tragedy.

[*Struggles.*

Lor. He'll force himself away, I cannot hold him.

Prin. Barbarous Friends, oh Father, if you Love me,
Why do you keep me from the only Good ?

Why wou'd you have your Son be miserable ?

K. Hop'd you to live in Luxury and Ease,
Court'd by Joys, and Pleasures without end ?

Did you ne'r hear of Pains, and Cares, in Life ?

That thus, Misfortunes seize you unprepar'd.

How were you going by so mean an Action,

To blot out all the Great Ones of your Life ?

Your Valour never made you do before,

But what a Coward sometimes does for fear,

'Tis in these Wars, the Combats of the Mind,

Where Courage from false Brav'ry is distinguish'd,

And if you fly from them to Death, 'twill show,

There was danger, which you durst not meet.

Prin. What ever Man can bear, I dare Encounter,

It was not Fear nor Despiration arm'd me,

But hopes to overtake her mounting Soul ;

Who wou'd not follow such a charming Guide,

Tho all that's Gay, or Great, entic'd 'em back.

But I can Die without the help of Weapons,

I wrong'd my Love by making that Attempt,

As if I thought it wou'd Strength to Kill me ;

I'll wait the ling'ring leisure of my Grief,

Thus kneeling at thy Feet, sigh out my Soul,

And grow a Statue to adorn thy Tomb.

K. His Grief oppos'd, wou'd only rage the more,

When at full heigth, 'twill fall again of course ;

Our greatest Passion's have their ebbs, and flows,

Were Nature constant she'd destroy herself,

So strong her Motions they'd overthrow her,

But fiercest Transports, soonest moderate grow,

Thus to our Frailty, we our Safety owe.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.